CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

All Rights Reserved. The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

WHAT happens when the Dominion Government enacts a new piece of legislation? What wheels within wheels are set in motion before the legislation goes upon the books as a finished product? These and equally interesting questions are answered by Tom King, Dean of the Ottawa Press Gallery, in his article in the October issue of CANADA MONTHLY. Writing to the general subject, *How Our M.P.'s Earn Their Salt*, Mr. King gives the layman a close insight into the running gear of the parliamentary machinery. He likewise tells some startling facts. The average taxpayer would gasp in astonishment, for instance, if he thought $30,000,000 of the Dominion's money was actually voted away by a mere handful of members. Mr. King tells his readers how and why such things frequently happen during a session of our parliament.

Charles Stokes has written a most fascinating war story under the title, *The White Feather*. This yarn, while pure fiction, portrays a side of human nature which this world war has brought in front of the spot-light as never before. After one reads Mr. Stokes' story it is easy to realize there are tens of thousands of real heroes in the King's khaki, even if they do miss the D.S.O.

In *The Scientific Side of Bread*, Miss Helen McMurchie, of the University of Toronto, presents some of the theories of the Domestic Science School on that old task which has been counted the foundation of every housewife's score of efficiency—making bread. Miss McMurchie tells how flour is made; the scientific theory of the action of yeast in the flour; and she gives other important information that will be of value to every housewife, young or old.

Harry Moore's interesting mystery story, *The Reeve of Silver Island* is concluded in the October number. The revenge obtained by Bill Wurst, alias John Best, Reeve of Silver Island, is presented in the most fascinating chapter of this excellent Canadian mystery story.

What will be Canada's policy toward that all-important subject, immigration, at the conclusion of the war, is discussed by Walter H. Kirchner, who has studied this problem both in Canada and in the Mother country. The author presents many questions which could be considered to advantage by our representatives on Parliament Hill, Ottawa.

The Son of the Otter—the great word picture of the snow bound north country—approaches its climax in the next instalment.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1916

A New Deal for Injured Workmen (Illustrated from Photographs)	**Robson Black**	**265**
The Conversion of Alexander Popoff (Illustrated by Bruce Cameron)	**Louis Kon**	**269**
The Reeve of Silver Island (Illustrated by F. M. Grant)	**Harry Moore**	**272**
A Wooing on the Veldt (Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton)	**J. Wilbur Read**	**275**
The Woman of His Faith (Illustrated by Robert Edwards)	**Frederick Palmer**	**276**
Community Farming for War Widows (Illustrated from Photographs)	**Elizabeth Pollard**	**281**
The Son of the Otter (Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant)	**George Van Schaick**	**284**
Nature's Pot of Gold (Illustrated from Photographs)	**Jean Blewett**	**289**
Current Events in Review		**292**

Issued monthly. Price in Canada and Great Britain, $1.00 a year, 15c a copy, in the United States $1.50 a year, 20c a copy.

VANDERHOOF, SCOTT & COMPANY, LIMITED, Publishers, LONDON AND TORONTO

London: 283 Clarence Street. Toronto: Mail Building. New York City: 111 4th Avenue. Chicago: 1116 Marquette Building.

Entered in the post office at London, Ont., as second class matter. *Caution:* If date is not properly extended after each payment, notify publishers promptly. Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance or change* of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both new and old addresses must always be given in notifying us. *Discontinuance:* We find that many of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted and their files broken in case they fail to remit before expiration. Nevertheless it is not assumed that continuous service is desired, but subscribers are expected to notify us with reasonable promptness to stop, if the paper is no longer required.

Canada Monthly's School and College Directory

Moulton College For Girls

An Academic Department of McMaster University. Matriculation and English courses. Senior and Junior Schools. Finely equipped music and art departments. Exceptional opportunities with a delightful home life. Fees moderate. Re-opens September 20th. Write for Calendar.

MISS H. S. ELLIS, B.A., D. Paed., Principal.
34 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO

Woodstock College For Boys

Teaches manly individuality to boys and young men. Prepares for commercial and professional life. Intellectual, physical and manual training facilities unexcelled. Large campus, beautiful high location. Re-opens September 12th. Special course for Farmers' Sons November to March.
Write for 58th Annual Calendar.

A. T. MACNEIL, B.A., Principal - Woodstock, Ont.

GLEN MAWR

651 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO.
Residential and Day School for Girls

Principal—Miss J. J. STUART
Successor to Miss Veals.

Classical Tripos, Cambridge University, England. Large well-ventilated house, pleasantly situated. Highly qualified Staff of Canadian and European teachers. The Curriculum shows close touch with modern thought and education. Preparation for matriculation examinations. Special attention given to individual needs. Outdoor games.

New Prospectus from MISS STUART.
School re-opens September 19th.

Westminster College
Toronto

A Residential and Day School for Girls
Situated Opposite Queen's Park, Bloor St. W.

Every educational facility provided.
Pupils prepared for Honor Matriculation.
Music, Art and Physical Education.
The School, by an unfailing emphasis upon the moral as well as the intellectual, aims at the development of a true womanhood.

School reopens Tuesday, Sept. 12th, 1916.
JOHN L. PATERSON, K.C., President.
For Calendar apply MRS. A. R. GREGORY, *Principal.*

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND ART - - - WHITBY, ONTARIO

Send your daughter here in order that she may take up the duties of life well equipped intellectually, physically, spiritually and socially.
The College is situated in 100 acres of grounds, in one of Canada's most healthful towns, only 30 miles from Toronto. Every physical advantage is offered, notably by a large gymnasium and excellent swimming pool. *College re-opens Sept. 12th.* For Calendar write to
REV. F. L. FAREWELL, B. A., Principal.

"I want this check cashed," said the fair young matron, appearing at the window of the paying teller.

"Yes, madam; you must endorse it, though," explained the teller.

"Why my husband sent it to me. He is away on business," she said.

"Yes, madam. Just endorse it—sign on the back of it, so we will know and your husband will know that we paid it to you."

She went to the desk against the wall and in a few moments triumphantly presented the check, having written on the back:

"Dear Jack, I got the money.—Evelyn.

Louis got a job in a bank. A wealthy uncle met him and asked, "Well, Louis, how are you getting on in business? I s'pose the first thing we know you will be manager of the bank?"

"Yes, uncle," replied the boy, "I'm getting along fine. I'm draft clerk already."

"What!" exclaimed the uncle. "Draft clerk? Why, that's very surprising, but very good."

"Yes, uncle," replied the lad, "I open and shut the windows according to order, and close the doors when people leave them open.

A man, while wandering in the village cemetery, saw a monument and read with surprise the inscription on it:

"A Lawyer and an Honest Man."

The man scratched his head and looked at the monument again. He read the inscription over and over. Then he walked all around the monument and examined the grave closely. Another man in the cemetery approached and asked him:

"Have you found the grave of an old friend?"

"No," said the first man, "but I was wondering how they came to bury those two fellows in one grave."

There are two viewpoints from which the sea may be contemplated.

"Ah!" cried the viking's daughter, as she caught the flying spray in her radiant face, "a life on the ocean wave for me! Isn't it perfectly gorgeous, Algie?"

"Oh—h—h, yes," gurgled Algie making a break for the rail. "Oh, yes—ah—ah—disgorgeous."

Lytway, the butcher, had been very busy for a few moments with a well-known dictionary. Suddenly he closed it with a snap and growled at his wife in the cash desk.

"That Mrs. Smarte is getting too clever," he growled.

"What's the matter?" asked the good-lady, surprised at this criticism of a good customer.

"When she came in just now she told me I ought to rename my scales the Ambuscade brand."

"Well, why?"

"I've just looked up the word," went on the infuriated man, "and the dictionary says that ambuscade means to lie in weight!"

Little Mary Lou was eager to get back to her new doll and didn't know there was going to be any dessert. She slipped quietly from her chair, hoping she would not be observed.

Out in the hall she met the cook with the ice cream, and as quietly as she had left it she slipped back to her accustomed place at the table.

"Mary Lou," said her mother reprovingly, "I thought you had finished your dinner. It isn't polite to come back."

"But I didn't excuse myself, mother," the little girl said quickly.

Branksome Hall
10 Elm Ave. Rosedale TORONTO
A Residential and Day School for Girls

Hon. Principal, - Miss M. T. Scott
Principal, Miss Edith M. Read, M. A.

Preparation for the University and for Examinations in Music, Art and Domestic Science Departments. Thoroughly efficient staff. Large playgrounds. Outdoor Games — Tennis, Basketball. Rink. Healthful locality.

PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR DAY PUPILS.
Autumn Term will begin Sept. 14th.
For Prospectus apply to the Principal.

ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE
TORONTO
A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
(Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., Former Principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson).

ACADEMIC COURSE, from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work.
MUSIC, ART, DOMESTIC SCIENCE, PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Cricket, Tennis, Basket Ball, Hockey, Swimming Bath.
School Re-opens September 12th, 1916

Write for Prospectus.
MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, President. MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A., Principal.

HAVERGAL LADIES' COLLEGE

Main School	Coverley House	Junior School	Preparatory School
354 Jarvis St.	373 Jarvis St.	51 St. Clair Avenue West	278 Bloor St. W. (Late Westbourne)
Honor Matriculation, Art, Music.	*Domestic Science, Gymnastic Training Course, Home Nursing.*	*Boarding and Day School, Large Grounds, Games.*	*Preparatory and Kindergarten* For Boys and Girls
TERM OPENS September 14th			TERM OPENS September 12th

MISS KNOX, Principal, TORONTO

St. Jerome's College Berlin Ontario
Excellent Business, High School, College & Arts Departments.
NEW BUILDINGS with LATEST HYGIENIC EQUIPMENTS
The largest gymnasium in Canada. Running track, swimming pool, shower baths, theatre. First-class board. Comfortable sleeping rooms. Special attention given to students preparing for University Matriculation. Rates moderate. Fall Term Opens Sept. 6th.
Rev. A. L. Zinger, C.R., Ph.D. President.

St. Andrew's College
Toronto FOR BOYS UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS Canada
Careful Oversight. Thorough Instruction.
Large Playing Fields Excellent Situation.
REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster.
Calendar sent on application.

SHAW'S SCHOOLS
Toronto, Canada

Are preparing young men and women for Business Positions and sending them out to earn good salaries.
Fall Term from August 28th.
Free Catalogue on request.
W. H. SHAW, President,
397 Yonge Street, Toronto.

DOVERCOURT COLLEGE OF MUSIC
Corner Dovercourt Road and Bloor Street, West.
Vocal, Violin, Piano, Elocution. Our teachers are all qualified. Pupils graduate if desired. *Telephone, College 3153.*

The Canadian Academy of Music
Limited
12 Spadina Road, Toronto
College 1343

A modern School with a splendid Faculty of renowned teachers offering splendid opportunities for a thorough musical education in all branches, a School for students in all stages of development from elementary to the highest artistic standard.
Descriptive Year Book mailed on request.
President: Lt.-Col.-A. E. Gooderham.
Musical Director: Peter C. Kennedy. Manager; Alfred Bruce.

Become A Registered Nurse
and receive pay while learning
The Beth Israel Hospital of New York City, Founded 1890.
Accredited by the New York State Education Dept. Offers a two and one half year course in training for nurses with allowance and maintenance. Applicants must have had one year high school instruction or its educational equivalent.
For particulars, Address
Beth Israel Hospital, 42 Jefferson Street, New York City.

GRADUATES OF THE
Woodstock Business College
Are Always in Demand.
M. J. BROPHY, Principal.
Woodstock, Ont., Canada.

Take a Cruise
on the
GREAT
LAKES
Get away from the monotony of the office, factory or farm.
Take a Real Vacation —full of pleasant surprises—of unique features,—of wondrous sights.
Make your business trip a pleasure voyage. The big fleet of Northern Navigation Liners are making tri-weekly trips on the lake Huron—Superior Cruise, making possible fun, comfort-
Between Detroit, Mich., Sarnia, Ont., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Port Arthur, Ont. Fort William, Ont. and Duluth, Minn.
Features of These Cruises
Included in the Tickets are the Finest Meals and Most Comfortable Berths. Special Train Visits to Kakabeka Falls—Basket Picnic —Special Shore Dinner at Big Hotel, Boulevard Drive in Terminal City—Inspection of Largest Locks on Fresh Water—Afternoon Tea on Shipboard—Dancing in Big Ballroom Every Evening—Music by Ship's Orchestra—Refreshments After Dancing, etc., etc.
Complete Cruise $40
Everything Included, (6 day trip)
Also Georgian Bay one way 4 day trips —Between Collingwood and Sault Ste. Marie —and 30,000 Island one way trip between Parry Sound and Penetang.
Good connections with through lines east and west at Detroit, Mich., Sarnia, Ont., and Fort William.
Write for folders and information—Ask any ticket agent.
Make your reservations NOW in advance.
Northern Navigation Co., Ltd.
Sarnia, Ontario
GRAND TRUNK ROUTE
Dancing
Kakabeka Falls
Afternoon Tea
Promenading

Some time ago, before conscription was seriously mooted, a certain patriotic English grocer called together his staff which consisted of a solitary assistant, and proposed that one of them should enlist. Further, to the somewhat relief of the other, he said he would go himself, being a single man.

"Ye, Mackay, wull stay behind and keep the business going."

Mackay, with tears in his eyes, warmly seconded, so in a short time the deed was done.

Many months passed by, as the story book says, and the ex-grocer when going off trench duty received the shock of his life, for did he not see his assistant dressed in khaki standing before him?

"Mackay! Great Firkins, can that be ye?" he exclaimed, aghast. "Did I no leave ye in chairge o' the shop?"

"So I thocht at the time, maister," replied Mackay sadly, "but the fac' is, it was no a shop ye left me in chairge o', but a' your wumman folk. So, sez I too masel, 'Mackay, if ye've got tae fecht ye may as well fecht something ye can hit,' so I jined."

~

"I see you claim one hour's overtime, Bill," said the employer. "How's that? I thought no one worked overtime last week."

Bill passed a horny hand across his mouth.

"Quite right," he replied, "One hour's my due."

The master regarded him suspiciously.

"Come, when was it?" he inquired.

"Last Thursday," responded Bill. "I was sent up to your own house to help shake the carpets."

"Yes, I remember that distinctly," cut in the boss. "But you got off at six sharp."

"Ah, that's true as far as it goes," assented the man. "But your missus give me half a meat pie to take home and that there hour is for bringing the dish back!"

~

"Are you 'Boots?'" blustered the Englishman in the American hotel.

"No," replied the boy addressed. "They call me 'Scales.'"

The Englishman was mystified.

"'Scales,' eh? That's a queer name What do they call you 'Scales' for?"

"Because I get tipped so often."

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS BICYCLE
GOLD EDGES 50¢ CLUB INDEXES 25¢
SELLING AGENTS IN CANADA
For Social Play
Dainty, beautiful art backs in full color. Many new designs. Send for sample folder.
Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes
HOYLE UP-TO-DATE
THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES
SEND 15¢ IN STAMPS ISSUED YEARLY
MADE IN CANADA
For General Play
Millions of players in all parts of the world use Bicycle Cards because of their matchless qualities.
Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish
THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO., TORONTO, CANADA

An elderly gentleman of rural appearance had hardly seated himself in the street car when a young lady who had followed him in approached him.

"Sir, did you lose a five-dollar bill?" she asked.

For a moment the farmer observed her with a surprised, curious look, then said convincingly, "Yes, ma'am, I did."

"Then here it is," said she handing the bill to him. "I picked it up behind you from the car floor."

"Thank you very much, young lady, for your honesty. This is a most remarkable happening!"

"Oh, I don't think so, sir! I believe every one should return the money in such a case as this. What is there so remarkable about it?"

"Why, I lost my five-dollar bill two years ago!"

—

Two candidates, one of whom was entirely bald, while the other had a luxuriant head of hair, were seeking the favor of the electors in a densely-crowded Lancashire mining district. The gentleman whose head was innocent of hair had been cross-questioned and heckled at a meeting almost beyond endurance, and at last, goaded practically to madness, he declared that he could do all that his opponent could do. A collier broke in, in broad Lancashire tones:—

"Na tha' conna'?"

"And what can I not do?" the candidate demanded excitedly.

"Part thee hair i' th' middle," was the reply, amid roars of laughter.

—

Pat and Bridget were being married, and the whole village was astir. Pat was resplendent in a tail coat (borrowed), patent leather boots (too tight for him), a white vest, and a bright green tie; Bridget shone glorious in most of the colors of the rainbow.

The fateful words were spoken, and the happy pair walked down the aisle and out into the street, where a great crowd greeted them with loud cheers.

At last they were safely ensconced in their cab, and Bridget sank back with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Sure, Pathrick," she said sadly, "there's only one thing Oi regret. If we cud have stood on the pavemint and watched ourselves pass, wouldn't it have been hivinly!"

—

An old Scotchman who had scraped together a comfortable fortune was persuaded by his family, much against his own will, to take a holiday. He went to Egypt and visited the Pyramids. After gazing for some time at the great Pyramid he muttered, "Man, what a lot of mason-work not to be bringing in any rent."

"Be Prepared"

The "Boy Scouts" motto is a good one for the housewife. Milk deliveries are uncertain, particularly in Winter. The unexpected guest may find you with an insufficient supply.

Be prepared. Keep in the house at all times a few tins of

"Canada First" Milk

EVAPORATED (Unsweetened) CONDENSED (Sweetened)

It surpasses Cream (and costs much less) for coffee, cooking, cream soups and dressing. With the Condensed (Sweetened) use only half the amount of sugar in cooking.

"Canada First" Custard Pie

1 can "Canada First" Evaporated (Unsweetened) Milk.
4 eggs.
Pinch of salt.
Sugar to taste.
Little grated nutmeg or ground cinnamon.

Dilute the milk with three times as much water, add eggs well beaten, salt, nutmeg, sugar. Line two small or one large pie plate with pastry (deep pie plates are preferable), fill and bake in a hot oven for ½ hour.

If you are interested in pure food tests, get the Dominion Government analysis of milks in Bulletin No. 305, Dept. of Inland Revenue. It will show where "Canada First" stands.

AYLMER CONDENSED MILK CO., LIMITED

Boys! Earn $1.00 to $5.00 a Week and Valuable Premiums

selling The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger, Farming Business and Lone Scout. These are the greatest weekly papers, and people in every town want some one they can buy from each week. We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you at one time, on Fridays. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman or boy. Easy to sell and build up a route of steady customers. Only one report for you to make out each week. You make 1c on every nickel you take in for sale of Blade, Ledger, Farming Business, and 1c on each 2c you take in on Lone Scout. You can't lose. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. In addition to cash profits we give valuable premiums. Each active agent for our papers is appointed a Lone Scout by Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts, who sends badge and certificate of membership and a booklet of instructions in this great organization free. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit. We tell you how to get customers.

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL. Send This Coupon Today

I accept the agency for your 4 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. Also please tell me how to get the valuable premiums and membership in Lone Scouts.

Name .....

Street or R. F. D. No. .....

Age ..... Town ..... State .....

Best for

Enamel-Porcelain

Surfaces

Keeps the Bathtub Sanitary and will not Destroy the Lustre

MADE IN CANADA

VOL. XX.
NO. 5

CANADA MONTHLY

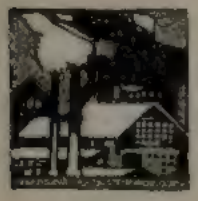
LONDON
SEPT.

A New Deal for Injured Workmen

By Robson Black

Illustrated from Photographs

Under the old regime the worker relied on the good nature of his employer. To-day he places his case with the Workmen's Compensation Board.



"WORKMEN'S Compensation" entered this life in the midst of the World War, the first of January, 1915. Casualties and war speeches, recruiting tents and marching troops have filled the three rings of public attention. There has been small space for domestic triumphs, no matter how vital, no matter how new. If a Province of Canada could step clear of the chains of tradition and inaugurate a scheme of justice to the damaged workman, his wife and children, and carry it through a successful test of twelve months, the offset to the sacrifices of war was obviously considerable. But so abnormal and hideous has been the main thought of mines and mortars that the winning of a humanitarian redoubt in the middle of the Dominion has been laid aside by many for future contemplation. It remains to be seen if the stimulation to radical reforms in Canada and the unlocking of an unselfish and vigilant public spirit in our citizens will not more than atone for every human casualty in the fighting field.

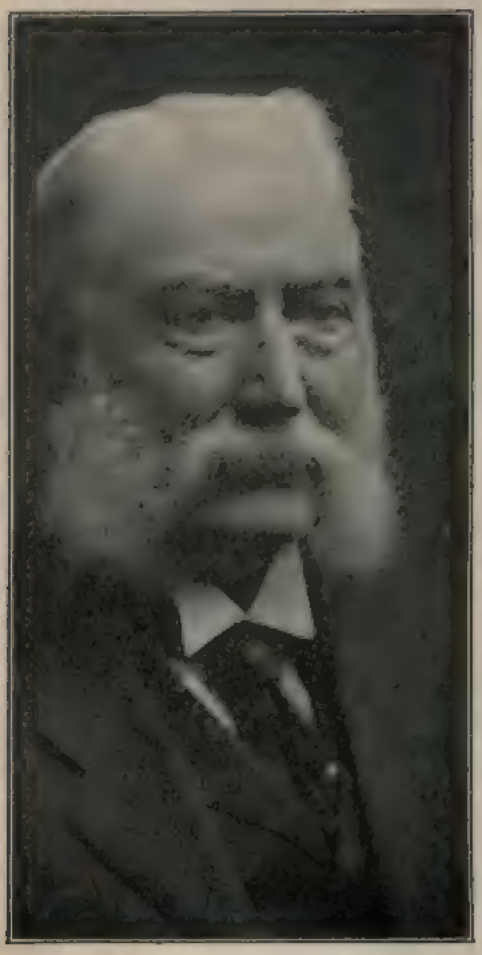
The Workmen's Compensation Act applies to about 16,000 industries in the Province of Ontario by which the injured wage-earner is assured fifty-five per cent. of his wages during the period of his incapacity, and if permanently impaired a pension or lump sum award. In case of death, benefits of a generous degree are continued to his widow and children or other dependents.

WE SHALL get an easier and quicker grasp of Ontario's Good Samaritan projects by a group of contrasts.

Under the old regime the worker relied on the good nature of his employer or the uncertain results of a suit at law. To-day the personal charity of the employer is a minor consideration. The workman promptly places his case in the hands of the Workmen's Compensation Board at Toronto. He accepts its decisions. So does the employer. *There can be no appeal to any court.*

Yesterday, the worker was forced all too frequently to place his chances for indemnity in the expensive care of lawyers. This was almost inevitable where "contributory" negligence was involved. The employer followed the same course. A lawyers' battle ensued. The worker might win or lose; the lawyers always won. To-day, legal fees are practically abolished for master and man. They prepare their own briefs in simplified English and present them to the "court" for a postage stamp.

Copyright, 1916, by VANDERHOOF, SCOTT & COMPANY, LIMITED. All rights reserved.



Alexander W. Wright
Vice-Chairman Workmen's Compensation Board

Yesterday, the injured employee hesitated to dispute a proffered settlement of his claim for fear of personal friction and the loss of his job. To-day the injured man has no personal contact with foreman or manager. He deals with a third party, the Compensation Board. Its membership is Government-appointed and permanent and impartial. It forms a buffer body that takes up friction and eliminates rattle. No one can imagine much chance of quarrelling between workmen and bosses over the peak of an equilateral triangle.

Yesterday, a successful wage earner would be awarded damages in a lump sum, and sums so obtained disappeared usually in the lump. To-day the award is made at the rate of 55 per cent. of the man's wages for the entire period of disability, if longer than seven days, and this has no limit, covering to the end of life. Money reaches him semi-monthly or monthly in cheque form, cashable at par anywhere. Under exceptional circumstances, lump sums may be paid, but the rule of periodical payments is mostly followed.

Yesterday, the workman waited from one to twelve months, and even longer, for any award of compensation through the commercial companies. To-day, he is exceptional if his first cheque reaches him later than two weeks from the hour of the accident. An average of 150 cheques, totalling about $3,600, go forward daily from the Board's offices to injured and disabled workers, or their widows and children.

HERE we shall see some indications of the remarkable scope of the Act, how much it costs and how many it affects:

Assessments amounting to $1,539,492 were collected in 1915 from 14,750 employers.

The Board paid out on account of injured men and women and those dependent upon them, $1,186,221. Seventeen thousand and thirty-three wage-earners were reported to the Board as injured, and, as disabilities lasting seven days or less are not considered, 9,829 received compensation. Of this number 251 were killed, 1,033 became in some measure permanently incapacitated, and 8,544 returned to work after comparatively brief absence. A man of eighty-one years and a boy and girl of eleven years were recipients of compensation; the latter two were permanently injured.

It is very doubtful if this wide scale of benefits costs the employer any more of his cash than the old system. The workman, however, contributes not a penny, although the manufacturers sought to have such a condition included in the original act. The whole burden, therefore, of support for disabled wage earners and their dependents falls upon the shoulders of Ontario industry, although in the opinion of Sir William Meredith, architect of the bill, this load will be passed along to the "ultimate consumer," just as duties, war taxes, and such things usually are.

Reduced to the humble terms of a workingman's experience, what set of evils does "Workmen's Compensation" seek to overcome?

MAYBE you have visited a City Mission in Toronto, Montreal or Winnipeg or the cheap lodging houses maintained by charity in almost any city. The people you meet there sometimes have a few opinions of their own on "compensation" versus "repudiation" for injuries caused in the course of daily labor. Here is a pattern-maker turned derelict. Five years back, a fall through an open trap left an arm and shoulder crippled. The company disputed payment of indemnity, alleging carelessness, and threatened to fight it through the courts. Penniless, the wage-earner accepted the inevitable. He was as helpless under the threat of "courts" as a rebel under threat of "sunrise." Lawyers, he could not hire; he could pay no legal taxes, could cable no solicitor in London to talk for him before the Privy Council. He was a little dazed, a little optimistic at first; he did not know what an absolute minus sign is a broken spoke in the wheel of Industry. For past services, for risks assumed, he could stand by and watch the other fellow draw his pay. But for *him* and his damaged arm, Industry said: "He was careless and hurt himself; ask the State to pay for his keep."

The pattern-maker tries running an elevator, but you would be surprised how many thousands of old men are looking for jobs on elevators. As gardener, he cannot earn his salt. As ticket-taker at a ferry office, he lasts a week and is fired; the crowds get on his nerves, and three pairs of hands would be few enough. He was a good man on patterns but the job owes him nothing now. A few months pause—and then the City Mission gathers him in as one of its logical children.

BUT *this* is a day when the sun is up. The road from disability to the workhouse has a five-barred gate and few vigilant workmen of the scores of thousands in Ontario should find themselves travelling by it. The Workmen's Compensation Act says to the industries of Ontario: "You will shoulder the burdens of injured workers equally with the workers themselves. The game hitherto has been one-sided; the wage-earner has carried most of the load. Hence forth 55 per cent. of a man's wages must be paid him during the period of his disability, though it last as long as his life. In case of death, his wife and children shall be compensated on a fixed and reasonable scale."

Does not a fixed plan of indemnity for injured men encourage carelessness and invite accidents? In flippant theory, it might. In painful practice, it does nothing of the kind. No man in his senses deliberately thrusts his arm into a gearing and feels the flesh torn from his bones *for the compensating delight of having his wages cut in two*. The penalty on the workman for injury is the risk of death, the inevitable pain, the idleness, the loss of 45 per cent. of his earnings. Surely, it is enough.

To make the scheme workable and fair, industries of the same order, such as pulp and paper mills, presenting equal risks, are *grouped*, and an assessment made on the group according to what experience has demonstrated in the previous twelve months. Within each group, of course, the levies are gauged by the payroll of each member. Sawmill operations, or bridge building, for instance, are rather hazardous, and such groups of industries would have a

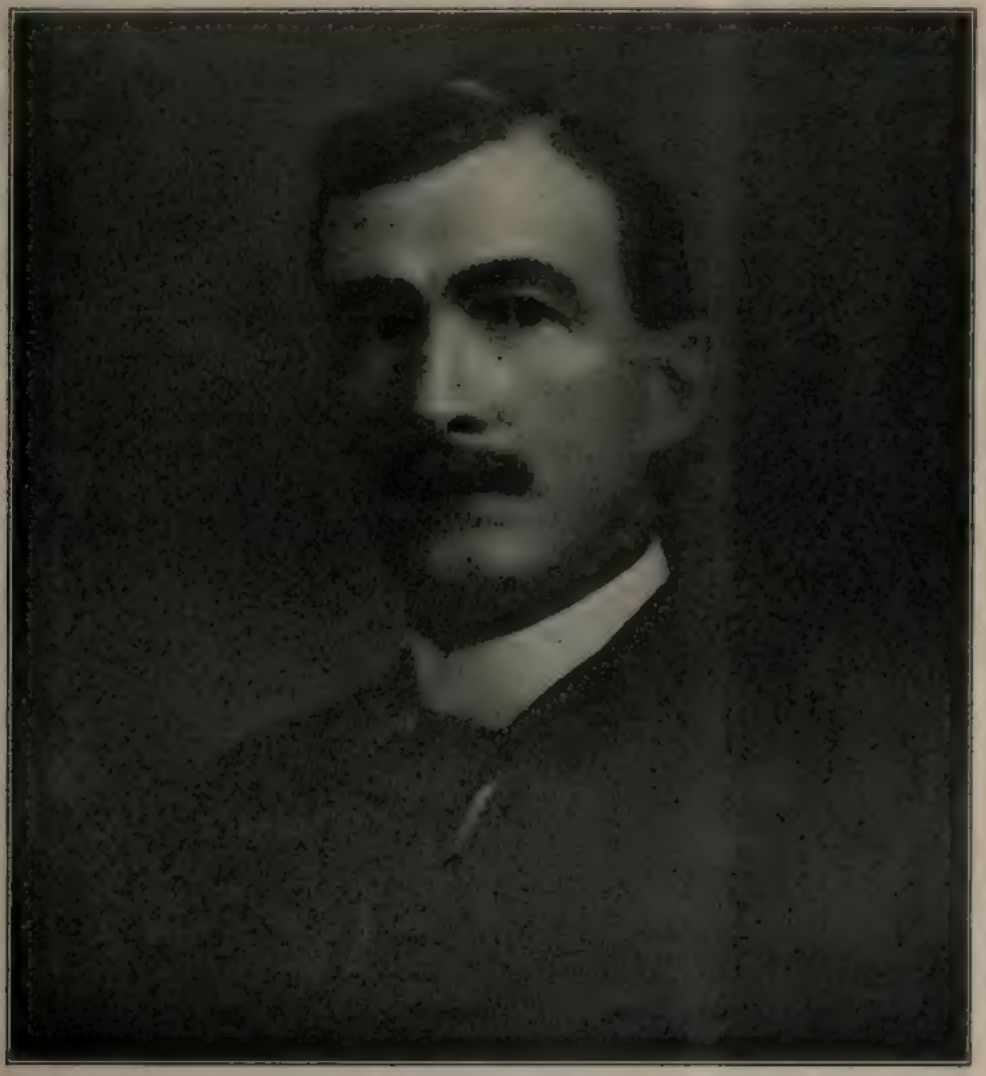
higher per capita assessment than would be asked from the printing trades. It is therefore in the immediate financial interest of each group to study reduction of accidents and this important responsibilty is assumed as an auxiliary concern of the Compensation Board and will be spoken of later.

As a matter of accuracy, the reader will bear in mind that railways and other public utilities, municipal corporations and like bodies are separately combined in the matter of payments for compensation. They do not contribute to the accident fund, like the bulk of ordinary industries, but are liable for payments for accidents as they occur, and are subject to the rulings of the Board.

Let us trace an everyday case through the offices of the Board and understand briefly how such things are handled. John Doe breaks his arm in a machine shop and is also internally injured. Unlike our pattern-maker friend, he knows that the gods of 1915-16 are standing at his elbow. His wife pens a letter to the Workmen's Compensation Board at Toronto, telling of the accident. The employer has been doing the same thing, for he is obliged to report accidents within three days. Back come blank forms. The workman and his surgeon fill them up; the employer is engaged likewise. They are returned to the Board. Usually within three days of their receipt, a cheque is mailed to the injured man. In many cases the extent of the wage-earner's injuries are not known or the facts not well authenticated, in which case an inspector of the Board might be sent out to make an independent report. No claim for disability lasting less than seven days is entertained.

WE shall take for granted that John Doe is genuinely the victim of a serious accident in the course of his labor. His surgeon attests the need of an operation and a three weeks' convalescence. All the evidence is in argeement—workman, employer, surgeon. John gets a cheque twice monthly for 55 per cent. of his wages and in certain instances the Board may help him with his surgeon's fees, hospital, etc. For five weeks, therefore, the cheques go forward. The moment the surgeon reports his man ready for work, the payments cease and John goes back to his old job. He can go back because the existence of the Board dissolved any chances of squabbling between man and boss as to the cause of the accident, or other ticklish points. The Board, as we said, is a capacious shock-absorber.

George A. Kingston
Commissioner Workmen's Compensation Board



Samuel Price
Chairman Workmen's Compensation Board

Suppose John had lost his arm. In that case he would have been entitled to a monthly pension for the rest of his days—the amount depending on his wages, occupation and number of years he probably would have lived to carry his disability with him. If he had lost only his thumb then he would receive a lump sum, because the Board consider such an injury to be less than 10 per cent. of his earning capacity.

Let us finish John completely. After the funeral, a workman's widow ordinarily looks down the help-wanted columns. But Mrs. John is not immediately driven to that, for the Board will say to her in effect: "You are entitled for the balance of your life, or during widowhood, to a pension of $20 a month, and $5 a month for each child under sixteen years of age, not exceeding forty dollars monthly for all. If you decide to marry again, we will present you one month after the wedding with $480—equal to two years' pension payments."

IF John does not die, he may be so disabled that he cannot earn his former wages, although able to earn *part*. Such cases require delicate handling. A partially-recovered man who eagerly and conscientiously applies himself at new employment, earning what he can, must not be regarded in the same category with the partly-

disabled *shirker*. Some wage-earner, merely through laziness, might attempt to deceive the Board into paying him the same pension as a totally disabled man, or he might deliberately refuse work which he was qualified to do. Close investigation is made of all such cases. To the honor of Ontario workmen as a class, and to their shrewdness too, be it said, the Board has found very few of its correspondents other than scrupulous in their representations. The wage-earner is eager to resume his employment on the physician's word of permission. Further, in a number of instances where overpayments have been made to workmen during their illness, the excess amounts were promptly returned to the Board on request, without the semblance of argument.

There is an interesting "guiding principle" of the Board covering these partial disability cases. A wage-earner is regarded as entitled to 55 per cent. *of the impairment* of his earning power. That is, if before the accident he received $20 a week in wages, and is afterwards able to earn only $10 a week, he will get from his group of employers, via the Board, an extra $5.50 a week as compensation. This looks generous, but it is well to remember that the accident actually costs the victim $4.50 a week of his normal wages. The Board wisely assumes much latitude of judgment in these cases and can estimate through its own inspectors whether the worker is paying his honest part. Certain it is that with a careful and unprejudiced body of administrators, as may truly be said to constitute the present Board of Compensation, the objects of the Act have little chance of mis-application.

WERE the reader to be brought face to face with fifteen or twenty maimed men and women and asked to state the *percentage of handicap* under which each would return to work, the task would reasonably appear impossible. Yet, the Board is called upon to perform such curious equations six days a week. Suppose a local surgeon at Fenelon Falls posts in his opinion that a certain wage-earner "is permanently impaired twenty-five per cent," who or what is to fix his statement as more than guesswork? This was a real and a peculiar problem. So the Board established a special rating schedule, covering all the commoner accidents that can reduce a man's earning power for the rest of his days.

An amputation of the right arm of a right-handed man (and, of course, we mean women, too) reduces his power to earn wages, says the Compensation Board, by more than two thirds, 68.5 per cent., but the loss of four fingers is an 18 per cent. impairment. To sacrifice a little finger at the proximal joint impairs the wage earner 1.7 per cent., but to lose a leg at the thigh reduces his earning power by more than four-fifths, 83.3 per cent. The age of the workman, his earnings, his physical disability, the number of years it will take him to adapt himself to his changed condition are some of the elements which enter into the problem.

These sound like strange calculations to most of us, but they are based on world-wide experience and are only indicative of the combination of exactness and elasticity so essential in the operation of a social instrument like the Workmen's Compensation Act.

THE happiest harvest from the Ontario Compensation Act has been the promise of an immediate decrease in the number of accidents. A percentage of accidents will always follow hazardous, and even what we call "safe," employments, but thousands of our mishaps are the product of sheer carelessness. Instead of the Board confining its attention to alleviating distress of the damaged ones, a vital part of its machinery works upon the abolition of the causes of injury.

What about these causes? It is wonderful how big the "trifles" grow when related statistically.

Twenty-one set screws which might have been countersunk for $7.35 caused an accident burden on employers of $5,619.39. Open shafting and conveyors, which could have been boxed in cheaply at a few cents each, killed 4, crippled 22 and temporarily injured 55 workmen. Open gearing wounded 66, killed 4 and crippled 37 wage earners.

Two men fell down elevator shafts and were killed. Automatic locks costing $3.50, which would have prevented the gates from opening, would have saved the pair of lives and also $6,179.06 in compensation. *Care*, you see, pays fine dividends. Again two hundred and seventeen feet were badly burned, because they were not sensibly shod; 126 people received painful and often serious hurt because it was "nobody's business" to pay attention to protruding nails and pieces of broken glass or metal.

And mark this for an item in a single year of just one province! The wearing of goggles, cost $150 all told, would have saved 38 permanent injuries to eyes and $42,846.50 in compensation.

Surely here is a field for propaganda! The need thus far has moved the employers of the province to form fifteen safety associations with seventeen inspectors, whose salaries and expenses are paid out of the accident fund to which the employers contribute. The business of these inspectors is to specialize on *accident prevention* within a special group of industries. The lumbermen's association inspectors, for instance, will travel from point to point. They examine machinery, shafting, gearing, insist on tests of boilers, watch the men at their labors and caution and instruct them along lines of personal safety. This kind of evangelism, persistently and tactfully applied through a number of years may easily cut down the number of industrial injuries by half. Automatically, then, the financial burden on manufacturer and consumer will be materially eased.

IT has been contended by opponents of the radical tendencies included in the Compensation Act that in the hands of weak and politically-minded administrators, it might be a weapon for the gravest tyranny. But so might the General Post Office and the Geological Survey. The Ontario Government has cut clear of any such error in its first selection of a Board; Mr. Samuel Price is chairman, Mr. A. W. Wright, vice-chairman; Mr. Geo. A. Kingston, commissioner, and Mr. J. M. McCutcheon, secretary. Under these governors, the first year's testing has been singularly harmonious and a number of employers not now within the Act have requested to be included.

The Workmen's Compensation Act is not a Government's attempt to "put over" a picturesque political concession to labor agitators. It can be regarded only as a modest mile post in Canadian industrial and social history, of which many more mile posts are overdue and many more are bound to come. The standpat employer may storm himself into apoplexy over the tendency of "these trade-union times"; the ultra laborite may wring his hands at the slow advance of the social millenium. Neither man probably will delay or hasten very much the inevitable revision of industrial relations. One of these inevitable revisions was the displacing of the old Workmen's Compensation Act in Ontario and the application of the new. The man who is atune to the impatient, iron-shod temper of these recent years of human advancement should hold his programme open for almost any mass-move, for they are coming aplenty. The Workmen's Compensation Act of Ontario, trespassing on the old style of quarrelsome, inadequate adjustment for injuries to employees, will probably look tame enough in the light of events of 1925.

The Conversion of Alexander Popoff

By Louis Kon

Illustrated by Bruce Cameron

ALEXANDER POPOFF was sitting at his desk buried in the morning paper, carefully reading every word of the war news.

"It is terrible," he murmured to himself, "it is cruel." His eyes rested on the map of Europe, hanging on the wall opposite his desk. Suddenly his attention was distracted. "It's a long way from Canada, it's a long way to go——", sang the passing volunteers of the 34th Fort Garry Horse.

Alex moved to the window and watched the column of soldiers turning on to Broadway. A group of newsboys followed them whistling "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

He remarked among the soldiers a few of his acquaintances, men with wives and children for whose happiness and well being they were responsible.

His thoughts with the rapidity of lightning wandered to his native Russia, to the battlefields of Belgium, to his little cottage where wife and children were anxiously awaiting his return after the day's work, to the western fields, where the Canadian farmers, originally from Britain, Germany, Belgium, Austria and Russia were peacefully threshing their harvested grains; to the hospitals where tens of thousands of young, formerly ablebodied and useful, citizens of this world were suffering from terrible wounds inflicted by their fellowmen.

The picture grew darker and darker. He shut his eyes. Legions of crippled men were slowly moving, followed by crowds of destitute women carrying babies or leading hungry children. He saw the men in the trenches, the burning villages, the wounded lying where no aid could reach them. He covered his closed eyes with his hand trying to shut out the horrid vision. The contracted muscles of his face and nervous twitching of his lips indicated his physical suffering.

The telephone bell aroused him.

"Yes, Scott, I will be in the office. Come along; I quite forget what you look like, it's so long since I've seen you. . . . What ?. . . no, I certainly don't believe it ! You are too sensible for that. . . . "

BY his desk stood a Russian immigrant bashfully crumpling his cap, and nervously stepping from one foot to another.

"Well, what can I do for you ?" inquired Alex.

"I want to go to the war," came the reply in a low voice.

"Anxious to kill, or to be killed?" asked Alex ironically.

"As God wills, perhaps I shall kill, maybe they will kill me. Did you hear anything from home ? Are the Germans killing many of ours ?"

"I am sorry, but I cannot do anything for you," Alex informed the stranger.

The immigrant's face grew worried. "We just came from the West. The French Consul sent me to you. Please, let us go to the war. We are twenty or thirty together, all from one village. We want to go back home."

"I cannot help," repeated Alex. "If you have money to pay your passage you may go."

"How much would it cost ?"

"About one hundred dollars."

"We could not do it. It is only eight months since we are in Canada. The money we earned was sent home to our families. Are there no other means of getting to the war ?"

Alex took a letter from his desk, and explained that the Russian Government does not call to arms any reservists residing in Canada, except those who are willing to pay their own fares.

"According to this letter, received from the Russian Consul in Montreal, you can join the British or French army if you wish. If you are so very anxious to go to the war, you may try to join the Canadian contingent going to the front. Perhaps they will take you," continued Alex.

By his desk stood a Russian immigrant bashfully crumpling his cap

"I don't want to fight for others, I took the oath of allegiance to our Czar, and I've promised to fight for him and for Russia. One oath is enough for me. Besides I don't understand their language. We will have to try to get some work and to make enough money to pay our fares."

"It is the only thing for you to do," said Alex.

"Are you in the Russian military reserve?" timidly inquired the stranger looking straight into Alex's eyes.

"Yes, I am, but why do you ask?"

"You look as if you had enough money to pay your fare to Russia. Why don't you go?"

Alex did not wish to continue the conversation with his guest, and in order to bring it to an end he began to look over some correspondence which he had in front of him.

THE immigrant turned on his heel and left the office.

The file of correspondence he unconsciously laid his hand on was pertaining to Carl Ulrich, an ex-lieutenant of the German army, who in 1905 migrated to Canada. For the past few years Ulrich had served on the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, where he made an enviable reputation for his faithfulness to duty and for his horsemanship. Later he was appointed Immigration Officer.

A few months before the war he resigned his post and went to his native country to visit his relatives.

The letter written by Ulrich to Alex was dated Berlin, July 2nd, 1914. It read in part as follows:

"I am longing to get back to Canada, and if you know of any work that I can get upon my return to Winnipeg, or if you think that you will be able to help me to find something, please let me know and I will return immediately.

"I enjoyed my visit to the old home immensely the first few months—for so long only, did the novelty of life in Berlin and other large cities appeal to me after years spent on the Canadian prairies. Then, too, when I began to realize the terrible oppression of militarism of my native country, the unreasonable vanity and vaunted superiority of the army officers and the burden of military taxation, I longed to be back in Canada, where the fight for national superiority takes the form of progressive farming, industrial development, of social betterment, of efforts to mould citizens intellectually and morally sound from these alien races."

HERE he paused in his reading as the sound of approaching footsteps fell upon his ear.

"Mr. Popoff, allow me to introduce myself to you," laughingly said his old friend Lieutenant Scott of the 34th Fort Garry Horse, entering the office. "I have been passed by the medical authorities, found fit to fight the Germans, and I am leaving for the front within a few days. Now you will believe I was not joking when I told you so over the telephone."

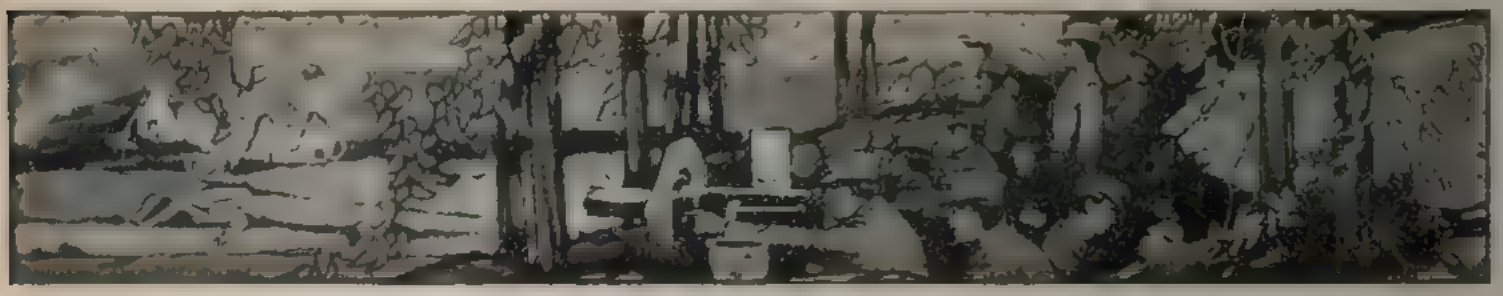
Alex shook hands with Scott, and remarked: "To be frank with you, blue serge suits you better than this khaki uniform. You are the last man I would expect to travel thousands of miles to kill your fellow men.

"You have changed your mind suddenly, Scott. It is only a few weeks since you returned to me the book written by Baroness von Sutton, which won her the Nobel peace prize. Then you told me that no sensible and sensitive man could read that book without doing his utmost to stop the wanton slaughter of human beings. To-day with a smile of pride you are ready to uphold this curse of humanity."

"Alex you talk wildly. The Kaiser decorated the late Baroness von Sutton for the book you are mentioning, and it is he who is largely responsible for this war. The Socialists of the warring nations have been spending years in advocating peace and condemning militarism. As one man they have gone to fight for their principles. This is a war in defence of liberty: it is a war to annihilate the danger which threatens that democracy which it took the best blood and brains of centuries to establish.

"You are surprised at my volunteering to go to war, but it would not surprise me to see you join our first contingent, if you do not return to Russia to help crush militarism. This war needs men like you."

"Scott, do you remember our many conversations in regard to war? Do you remember that it was you who condemned our Minister of Militia for his declaration that the money spent on technical education would be of more value to the country if it were spent in erecting more military drill halls? I admired you then, thinking you a type of Canadian who understood the fallacy of false military ambitions, who would aid the peaceful development of this country. And what do you do? You are transformed into a brute in uniform, ready to kill as many as you can."



He saw the men in the trenches, the burning villages, the wounded lying where no aid could reach them

SCOTT was humming "Good-bye Blue Bell" during his friend's tirade, but the epithet "a brute in military uniform" brought the blood to his face. Springing from his chair he reached for his cap.

"It is useless to argue with peace-maniacs and cranks of your sort,

Popoff! Men like you are the parasites of society. You are satisfied to enjoy the privileges and benefits of democracy, but you are too selfish and too bigoted to defend them.

"I remember exactly all you have told me about the social and political conditions in Russia; you will admit that the autocracy of your native country is a product of German militarism. You know that the German Government has been aiding your bureaucracy to crush the gigantic movement in Russia which aimed at popular liberty. German militarism has been corrupting theGerman people themselves. It has blinded them to its real motive. Stop to think what would happen to Russia, to France, to Great Britain, to the whole world, should militarism be victorious. The German nation would be compelled to accept the false ideal that might is right. Is this not strong enough argument for you?"

Alex listened attentively to Scott who, with unwonted vehemence and eyes aglow, was defending his change of front on the war question, pacing back and forth as he talked.

Suddenly he stopped in front of Popoff and regaining poise, continued:

"This cursed German militarism will not triumph as long as there is one Anglo-Saxon able to handle a weapon.

Louis, her brother, and her brother-in-law were both killed in battle

"The belief that Britons never shall be slaves, is too deeply rooted for us to submit to Germany.

"You know well enough Alex, that my going to the war is not paying a debt to the Mother Country as most people understand it. As an individual I did not contract any debt towards Great Britain.

"I am going to fight a foe which is menacing the liberties of those whose very life is liberty; a foe striving to push civilization back a century; a foe seeking to exploit its own power. My reasons for going to the war are the same as yours if you decide to join.

"I offer no apology. I want you to understand that our ideals are still the same, and that I am prepared to defend them. I want you to remember, that if you hear that Richard Scott, of the 34th Fort Garry Horse died of wounds on the battlefield, that his last words were not 'Down with the Germans!' but 'Down with German militarism!' And if I come back after we have smashed the German war machine, you may be sure that I will work as hard as ever to counteract any attempt to make Canada a military country."

Scott gripped his friend's hand, looked steadily into his eyes for a moment, and was gone.

ALEX sat alone long after all the office staff had left for home. The Russian immigrant's remark, that he looked as if he had enough money to pay his fare to Russia, and Scott's "The war needs men like you," were ringing in his ears.

Again came the dreadful picture of the battlefield. He imagined himself shooting a German soldier, who fell to the ground murmuring, "Write my people that it is hard for me to die not knowing what will become of my wife and children. Give them my last thought and kiss. Send my blessings to my old mother."

Such was that mother's reward for the devotion of anxious days and sleepless nights. Such was the final benefit the world and his country obtained from his manhood.

A cry of "Hurrah" and a voice shouting in Russian: "Are you blind? Can't you strike the heart? Try it again!" took Popoff back to the time when he, as an officer of the Russian army, was training soldiers to charge with bayonets a straw dummy, on which the heart was marked in white chalk.

He quickly left the office, hoping that a breath of fresh air would revive his spirits.

The street was well lighted. Street cars and automobiles were moving in all directions. The windows with their tasteful displays of flowers, fruit, books, gowns and provisions, spoke loudly to Popoff of the blessings of peace. The billboards with their exhortations "Enlist now!" "Send subscriptions to the patrioict fund!" "Help the Red Cross!" and many others interspersed with advance notices of the symphony orchestra's concert brought Popoff's thoughts back to Scott and the Russian immigrant and to his own position.

He boarded a street car, longing to be home with his wife and children.

He found in his pocket a pamphlet containing a speech of Lloyd George in the House of Commons. Lloyd George was one of his heroes. His liberalism, his staunch adherence to his "programme of reform," made Popoff admire "the little Welshman" who was such a prominent figure in directing the destinies of England.

He hoped to find in that speech

Continued on page 308.

The Reeve of Silver Island

By Harry Moore

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

PART II.

IN the life of the islanders, two very important things happened that summer. First was the disappearance of the light from the Widow Wurst's window. Second was the inauguration of John Best's plans to reclaim middle-ground.

The removal of the light from the widow's window lead to many conjectures—the widow had given up hopes of her boy ever coming back—the widow had heard that he was dead—the widow had been left money by someone in the old country, for she wore a new bonnet and new clothing and was seen buying expensive tea at the grocer's.

Apparently uninterested in the affairs of the widow, John Best listened to this gossip with a blank face. In his own room, or when alone in the office, he smiled. Down in his heart he had a feeling of satisfaction that he was doing the right thing and that the islanders some day would understand.

People were beating a path to his office now and asking all kinds of advice from the time to plant corn, the seed to use, to mortgages. In all matters, John Best's judgment was found to be reliable; he only charged when he had to, and the islanders liked him.

In spare moments he had drafted plans of middle-ground and he put the question to them, did they believe in draining this territory if he could devise a feasible scheme? Sure they did, but up to the present no one had given them anything that looked at all as though it would work. Then he opened his drawers and showed them his ideas in black and white. They opened their mouths in astonishment—they could see how simple the thing was—they went about and told others and the real estate office was the centre of attraction. John Best told them that it would take money to do it, and suggested the formation of a joint stock company. There were many rich men on the island and a few of them could finance it all right. But the rich men could not see the thing as the others did and John Best began to feel that his plans would fall through. "Not yet," they told him—"You run for reeve of Silver Island with that for a platform, and we'll elect you."

Then John Best made trips to Wilkie and searched the registry office and was closeted with lawyers, communed with municipal officials; in short, got all kinds of valuable information and so was in a position to know just who owned middle-ground, what the council would have to do, the cost of the project and the services of an engineer.

On the island he drove much and busied himself getting in touch with all the men who were likely to endorse by their vote such a gigantic undertaking.

Among those who supported him were the Laws. Father and son backed him to the limit, but Reeve Simpson, who felt that he had a life-lease on the reeveship, grew sullen and came to the real estate office no more. Such is the price we pay for introducting new things!

Between them—that is, John Best, the Laws, and others picked from the North, the South and the East Sides—they perfected an organization for the purpose of assuring John Best's election as Reeve. Through the fall the fight began in earnest, but the question was too big for the followers of Reeve Simpson, and the organization worked so well that at the January elections John Best was elected in one of the most exciting fights in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Furthermore, the slate known as "the middle-ground slate" was elected to a man, so the new reeve had the absolute confidence of the ratepayers to bring his scheme to fruition.

THE first thing that the new council did, upon being sworn in, was to take a trip to the bog and talk the matter over. There was no communication with the mainland—there was no engineer on the island. The councillors waded around in the snow, took notes and discussed the matter from every angle. New roads would have to be opened up, new bridges would have to be built—it was a big job, but nevertheless, a worthy one.

February, March and April, the new council met and went along with the business of the island. To a man they watched the calendar, and the first trip to the mainland of the *Marie*.

Frank Law was asked to state just how the island's finances were, and he reported that the treasury held sufficient funds to pay for all the work. This meant that the council did not have to submit a by-law to the people.

The last week in April, the *Marie* went to Wilkie and when she returned, she brought an engineer. A delegation, self-appointed, was there to meet the man and to carry his appliances. Promptly upon his appearance the council convened and the engineer was given to understand just what was wanted. The reclamation of middle-ground had begun.

In May, the engineer brought in his

The widow had been left money for she wore a new bonnet and new clothing, and was seen buying expensive tea at the grocer's

report with an estimate of the cost—in five figures. The council discussed the report, asked the ratepayers if they had anything to dispute about it, made alterations here and alterations there, put in a bridge here and took one off there, moved, seconded and carried amid cheers that the engineer's plans be adopted and asked for tenders

Summer and winter the work progressed, for the contractors came on in June, and in one year two canals had been dug, four pump-houses had been built, four pumps had been installed and four streams of water poured day and night into the lake.

Then in the following fall, after the canals had been built, the *Marie* pulled into port with people from Detroit, Sandusky, Cleveland, London, Toronto and other adjacent cities, and middle-ground was the object of their visit. They watched the pumps at work, they stood on the immense piles of excavated earth, and they rubbed their eyes—this was Big Business. They put on hip-boots and walked down among the weeds, they kicked up the soil, and they stopped and picked it up by the handful. It was black and—rich.

Their curiosity satisfied, many of the visitors became purchasers, and returning later, they cleared the land. They built large tobacco barns, they planted corn, they grew potatoes—

Such a boom did this undertaking produce that the money received in extra taxes the following year went a long way towards paying the expenses of running the pump-houses. Further than this, it brought to the island many good industrious people—people who became customers for the stores, people who became passengers on the *Marie*—and it might just be said here that inside two years, the island's exports of tobacco had grown to one and one-quarter million pounds, while its corn export had reached over half a million bushels, and land went up, up, up——

And John Best, re-elected reeve by acclamation, continued to sell real estate and write insurance, and look after the Main Object—a busy, contented man.

TIME passed, summer had gone and it was evening in the latter part of January in the year following the construction of the canals. In John Best's office, the municipality's auditors were examining the treasurer's books preparatory to making a report to Council.

"Looks bad," said one, shaking his head, and turning to where Reeve Best was writing at his desk.

"Very bad," reported the other, a tall man with whiskers—"Mr. Reeve, our treasurer's books don't look at all right"

Among those who supported him were the Laws, father and son

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked John Best, laying down his pen and coming over to them.

"Looks like a shortage of several thousands of dollars," stated the long-whiskered man, the discovery making him nervous as though he were the cause of it.

"My God, boys, are you sure of this?" The Reeve's face was white and he was excited.

"We can't report it otherwise."

That was the first intimation Reeve Best had that the treasurer of Silver Island might make another mis-step.

"It is my own fault," he upbraided himself, as he wended his way to the home of the treasurer—" Knowing him as I did, why didn't I watch him? If this is true——"

Frank Law seated before a table in a smoking jacket showed him a chair and laughed as the reeve told him about the auditors' discovery.

"Nothing to it—simply nothing—the auditors must have made a mistake. Why, the way things have been conducted, it would be impossible for me to get away with the money."

Seeing that there was nothing to be gained by talking to a man who was so cock-sure of his fallibility, yet couldn't disprove the claim of the auditors, the reeve returned to his office and told the officials to dig into the depths of the treasurer's dealings with the municipality if they had to go back ten years.

WHEN council met again, the auditors presented their statement, but the council turned it down. They couldn't accept such a report. Had the auditors done this work thoroughly? Yes, to the best of their knowledge. Were the auditors prepared to prove that they examined all the books of the treasurer and did the treasurer have all the vouchers to show for the money paid out? Yes, they had examined the books; no, the treasurer's vouchers were missing.

Highly indignant, Frank Law arose to his feet and asked permission to speak. They granted him his request. He said he was positive that the books were right and that he had never at any time taken one cent from the corporation that he wasn't entitled to. He was at a loss to know how the auditors came to their conclusion.

The upshot of the matter were the steps taken by the council to have a government audit of the books. And so the matter rested until auditors could be secured.

In the fall the experts came to the island, worked a few weeks and then went away, taking the books with them. At the close of navigation, the *Marie* brought over a very valuable package, which was delivered to John Best. The council was called and the report of the experts laid on the table.

It was December and a tense moment in the affairs of Silver Island. Frank Law was sick in bed. The council hall was crowded.

Reeve John Best arose and read the report of the government men. Boiled down, it showed a woeful neglect of duty on the part of the treasurer and a shortage of fifteen thousand dollars—during a period of twelve years.

After council had adjourned and he heard the report, to the reeve's office promptly came Judge Law. He was a broken man as he entered and sat down. He asked many, many questions.

Would Reeve Best give him time to

raise the money to pay this defalcation?

"No," said the reeve, quietly though firmly—"No."

"Is it your intention then, to have my son sent up for misappropriation?"

"It is."

Judge Law shook with emotion and his lips quivered.

"It may mean the penitentiary—"

"I know."

"Then, why do you wish to send Frank there? He has been a good friend to you?"

JOHN BEST brought over a chair and sat down beside the old man. "You ask me why I would do this. I will tell you." His voice was hoarse and the beads of perspiration stood on his face. "First, because I am the Reeve of Silver Island and the watch-dog of the treasury; secondly, and it is something you may not care to hear, because it happened a million years ago—Eighteen years ago a man was murdered on this island—Bill Wurst was sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary. Eleven years of his time was served. Oh, the warden was kind and he knew this man was not a criminal. He trusted Bill Wurst—he gave him books to study—he encouraged him. At the end of eleven years, Bill Wurst was pardoned, he went west, changed his name and getting a start in the real estate game eventually made, money. One day he sold his business, packed up, and—"

"Now, what in the name of common sense has all this got to do with it?" demanded the judge, interrupting him.

"What has it got to do with it? I'm coming to that, Judge Law, for it will show my second reason why your son must pay the bill. You remember Bill Wurst being sentenced to the penitentiary?—"

"Yes, yes—I'm getting tired of hearing about that—"

"But the man who murdered John Stanton wasn't Bill Wurst—the murderer was your son—"

"You lie, John Best," Judge Law said savagely, springing to his feet—"Frank is under a cloud now, that's why you say that—"

"Judge Law," the other returned, "I know what I am saying, and much as it may hurt you, I have to tell you. Your son murdered Stanton—"

"You can't prove it?"

"Prove nothing—it isn't necessary." The Reeve of Silver Island sprang to his feet and confronted him. "Look at me, Judge Law—he cried, "Look at my face—see those eyes, for they have not changed—do you recognize me? Did you ever see me before?"

The old man's face was a study.

"No—no," he said, shaking his head—"I don't know you—I never saw you before you came to the island. Who are you?"

"Who am I? Judge Law, I am Bill Wurst—"

For a moment the old man stared at the face before him, he saw a resemblance, then clutching at his collar and choking for breath, he fell to the floor—

"Bill Wurst! My God—my——"

DURING the week that Judge Law struggled between life and death, Frank Law was recovering from the shock produced by the government audit.

Towards the end of the week, John Best had a message from the old judge, and a request to call. The doctor had reported the old gentleman had been stricken with paralysis, and that at his age, it was but a matter of a few days until death would ensue.

To Judge Law's house and wondering what the judge wanted him for, then, on Friday night went the Reeve of Silver Island, where he was ushered into the room of the stricken man.

The room was tastily decorated and scrupulously clean; the reeve was aware that pictures of great value cover d the walls, but he did not see them—his eyes were centered on the white face on the pillow. For Judge Law had changed!

"Sit down," the old man commanded, weakly—"I want to talk to you. The doctor tells me that I will live for a few days yet. I am ready to go but it is hard—I so wanted to live. Sit over closer—there, that's better—I'm not as strong as I was a few days ago—"

Somewhere in the dining-room, a clock struck the hour and John Best watched the old man as he pushed back the straggling grey hairs that fell over his brow.

"I have lived a life that may be good or bad, according to how you view it. Don't live that kind of a life—better be one thing or the other—"

He turned his face to the pillow, and when he again opened his eyes, the tears ran slowly down his cheeks.

"Frank's mother died that he might live—oh, the wonderful sacrifice of a mother! Up to that time, I prided myself on being a friend to man—you know the lines, 'Let me live in a house by the side of the road—' After she was taken and the boy grew up, it is a different story. If you are Bill Wurst, you have an idea of Frank's living—drunkenness, lying, gambling—I, as a father, was forced to protect him against the world. Then came the climax. I knew he killed John Stanton, for I burned the clothes that had the tell-tale stains of blood on them. We talked the matter over. There must be some one upon whom to fix the crime. Your father had done me an ill-turn years before—I thought of you—for you will remember that in those days you lead a life that was not free from blame. I had money—money can do anything—and I greased the wheels of justice. Justice? Justice is blind only when accepting a bribe."

The reeve's hands opened and closed convulsively. He would have liked to throttled the man in his bed; oh, the monster!

"Nothing more need be said about myself—you know the rest—you have suffered—God knows you have suffered too much. Eleven years you tell me were spent behind the bars—let me pay you for it—I will pay you—— "

He broke out in a harsh laugh.

"Pay a man to suffer for me and mine—what irony? And yet—and yet—if you will accept fifteen thousand dollars in full for Frank's defalcation and will let him go, I'll pay you another fifteen thousand for the eleven years of your life that you have given that my son and me should live in security—"

Years before when he stood in a prisoner's dock and heard a judge sentence him to fifteen years in the penitentiary for a crime he had never committed, the reeve of Silver Island had similar feelings to those occasioned by Judge Law's offer.

"It can't do you any good sending my boy to the penitentiary—it may do you much harm—fifteen thousand dollars is no mean offer—"

John Best staggered to his feet, a heavy feeling of depression in his brain. He could not speak. Out in the open air he could collect his thoughts, and put them into words. He turned to leave the room and as he did, he was aware for the first time of another's presence.

"Bill!"

Pale and wan, Frank Law extended his hand, but the other pushed it aside. Then Best's eyes darted into the face of the defaulting treasurer and his lips muttered something.

"John—Bill—" it was the judge's voice—"What do you say? Will you help us out of this?"

John Best's shoulders straightened up with a jerk and he turned and looked from the cowering treasurer to the death like face of the man in the bed.

"You want my decision here and now," he said, coldly—"It is not hard to give. I am, first of all, Reeve of Silver Island—"

"Then—then—there is no hope?" Frank Law's voice was full of emotion.

"None! Absolutely none! The wheels of justice may be greased by your money, but you can't buy me for a million dollars. You have made your beds—lie in them."

For a minute he stood in the door, then silently passed out into the night.

To be continued.

A Wooing on the Veldt

By J. Wilbur Read

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

AGAINST the off hind wheel of his ox wagon, Pete Botha lay smoking his pipe. The clatter of a horse's hoofs caused him to sit up and peer ahead. A few moments later the horseman stopped at his side and dismounted. The rider was about twenty-two years of age, tall, lank, lean, and limber, with the silky beard of the youthful Boer covering his face.

"Sakabona?" he said, using the Kaffir greeting which means, "How do you do?"

Pete answered him in kind, saying, "Mushla," or "Good."

"I am Jan Van Niekerk, from Rustenberg," said the young man. "My father, who is with the wagon you see coming over the kopje, is Paul Van Niekerk. During the war he was a commandant, under Botha."

"Ja; I know him," answered Pete. "We got acquainted in Pretoria, after the Rooineks captured us. But I haven't seen him since the war."

"I suppose you are going to Pretoria to Nachtmahl. You will have a chance to renew your acquaintance there." Nachtmahl is the quarterly communion service, held for the benefit of the Boers on the back veldt, who live so far apart that they have to trek a long distance to attend church, hence are unable to go often.

Jan turned as he heard someone approaching from 'round the wagon. It was Pete's daughter, Meenie, who hesitated when she saw that the visitor was unknown to her. She was a comely Boer maiden of seventeen summers, big and strong with the strength of the woman who lives close to nature unhampered by the frivolities and appliances of civilization. Her skin was of a rosy red, showing no little tan as the result of a life in the open air. Her nose tilted saucily upward. Her eyes were of a light blue, and her hair was of a color that in England would have caused the women who saw her for the first time to whisper "Peroxide!" But Meenie's hair knew no fluid other than water; and that fluid, it must be confessed, it met oftener in a rain storm than in a bath tub. But such is the custom of the veldt, where a bath is regarded as more or less of a trial. However Meenie's heart was a good heart, and she was a daughter of whom any Boer could be proud.

"This is Jan VanNiekerk, Meenie," said Pete. "His father was in prison at Petroria with me." Turning to Jan, he said, "This is my daughter, Meenie, and I think she is looking for a husband. There is your chance, young man." He chuckled as he spoke, then dodged and ran as Meenie attempted to box his ears.

"You mustn't mind Dad," she said.

Jan caught her to his breast and kissed her on the lips, the forehead and the cheeks

"He is always poking fun at me. Ever since I was fifteen years old he has been telling all the boys I am looking for a husband."

"Well they must be awfully slow, for if I had been one of them you would have been married long ago, and I would have been your husband," said the young man decisively.

"You would, would you?" queried Meenie. She ran towards him, saying, "Now I am going to box your ears."

"You are, are you? I am waiting," said Jan.

Meenie's hand struck his left ear. Jan opened his arms, caught her to his breast and kissed her on the lips, the forehead, and the cheeks. She struggled, but her effort availed her nothing. "Let me go! I hate you!" she panted.

"All right. Hate away, young lady. Remember that I am going to marry you this Nachtmahl, and take you home with me," she was warned by her captor.

"No you won't! I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" she repeated

Jan laughed and released her after taking another kiss. Meenie ran around the wagon to her father to whom she poured out her trouble.

Pete gave her no comfort. On the contrary, he laughed and told her that Jan would make a good husband as his father owned many morgen of land.

VanNiekerk's wagon drew up. The veterans greeted each other, then helped the women and children to alight. The oxen were "outspaaned," and scattered to fill their bellies with the succulent grass. Pete's vrouw, Mary, had "skoff" ready, and invited the new arrivals to eat with her.

As they ate, the former soldiers exchanged reminiscences of the days when they rode the veldt as fellow soldiers of a Boer farmer leader in a misguided cause. Ere the meal was finished, the mothers were the best of friends.

While the Kaffir "boys," Sixpence and Ginfish, washed the dishes the party sat in the moonlight, talking of the people both families knew. Finally Pete rose, yawned, and said "We had better get to sleep, as we must start early in the morning, if we want to reach Pretoria before dark."

The party broke up and retired The women slept in the wagons and the men on the ground.

Meenie had breakfast ready at sunrise the next morning. It consisted of coffee, Boer bread, marmalade and biltong, the latter being dried meat, usually the flesh of the buck that ranges the back veldt.

Pete raised his cup to his lips, took a long drink of the coffee, so dear to the Boers, and turned to Meenie, saying, "You can have that new dress you asked for."

"Thank you, Daddie," she said. Rising, she went to him and kissed him. His beard was wet with the coffee he had drunk, and Meenie wiped her lips as she returned to her place.

Pete grinned. "If you have more of those kisses to give me, I might let you have a new pair of veldtschoens." (Boer shoes.)

Back to her father went Meenie. She kissed him several times, and said, "There's your pay. It ought to be enough for several pair of veldtschoens, and a new kappje." The kappje is the bonnet worn by the Boer women.

Another grin stirred Pete's whiskers, which fell nearly to his waist. "That's enough. Save the rest for Jan." He dodged a piece of bread Meenie threw at him, wiped the coffee off his beard with the back of his hand, and arose.

With everything in readiness to resume the trek, the women and children took their places under the hood that covered the rear of the wagon.

Pete mounted his horse. Ginfish picked up the rheim (rawhide) tied to the horns of the lead oxen. Sixpence swung his whip around his head several times. It cracked like a pistol shot. The oxen strained under the yokes and pulled together, following Ginfish, who acted as voerloeper, or leader. Each ox was known by name. Sixpence called to the laggards, berating them for neglecting to do their part. Sometimes he yelled an imprecation in Zulu, but oftener used the Taal, or Dutch.

At intervals during the forenoon, Jan made further overtures, to Meenie, but was repulsed. She gave no sign of relenting, and spoke only in monosyllables when she deigned to answer him. Jan refused to acknowledge himself beaten. Again he vowed to take her home with him as his wife.

Up the hills around Pretoria the oxen finally made their way. The crest was reached and the descent into the erstwhile capital of the republic began. Through the streets of Pretoria they travelled, stopping at the Dutch Reformed Church, where the oxen were outspaaned. Tents were erected, and preparations made for a stay of several days.

Saturday dawned bright and clear, as all days do in the Transvaal, where cloudy weather is unknown. Many of the young people left immediately after breakfast to see the city. It was not long ere the older ones followed, as there was much shopping to be done. Meenie refused Jan's request to accompany him to the Zoo, suffering a twinge of the heart as she did so. She justified her conduct by reminding herself that she had to select the clothes her father had promised her.

Later in the day Jan made another attempt to conciliate Meenie. He gave her a box of chocolates, which she accepted with a curt nod. Her wooer returned to his father's tent, feeling that he was making progress.

Sunday was devoted to religious services although it must be admitted that many of the men got more pleasure from the consumption of the "dop" (Cape brandy the had purchased before the bottle store closed the night before.

Monday morning the farmers who lived near the city treked for home. The most of them, who came from a distance, staid on. Meenie continued to repulse Jan. He was worried, as he knew they also would trek on the morrow. At noon he brought her another box of sweets. She accepted them with a smile that set the blood racing through his veins. As she did so she ran into the tent and pulled down the flap.

Jan was perplexed. He followed her, saying, "Won't you forgive me, Meenie, if I promise not to kiss you again? Come to the Zoo with me To-morrow is the break-up. I won't have a chance to see you after we inspaan at the Rustenberg tork"

"But I don't love you. I won't marry you, so why should I come?" she asked

"I have told you I was sorry I kissed you -"

"You are, are you? Some boys would have bragged about it. And you are sorry!"

"Oh, stop your joking. You know what I meant I am sorry you don't like to be kissed,—"

"Who said I didn't like to be kissed?"

"If you do like it I will kiss you again"

"No you won't! If you do I'll kill you!" she threatened.

"I'll promise to be good, and never kiss you again, unless you ask me to, if you will be friends with me and go to the Zoo."

Meenie relented. "All right. I'll go with you after skoff, if you will behave yourself. If you don't I will never speak to you again."

"Can I have skoff with you?" asked Jan, as a wave of joy swept over him.

"Yes, if you behave yourself," Meenie consented.

"Never fear," he assured her. I'll be good. I like you Meenie."

Away went Jan, while Meenie's thoughts turned to her new dress. She wished she had it ready to wear. As that was impossible she turned her attention to making herself as attractive as she could with the means at her command. They were limited, to be sure. The wardrobe of the Boer women is scant, and when on trek they carry little but the clothes they wear. Nevertheless when her toilette was

finished she knew that she was good to look upon, and that Jan would be pleased.

After skoff the man and the maid left for the Zoo. They laughed at the antics of the monkeys. There was nothing new to them in the sight of the buck, for they had seen nearly all varieties, roaming the veldt. They watched the giraffes, gazed with awe at the tigers, and viewed the lions with interest

Turning their steps towards the refreshment room they had some ice-cream, a luxury never obtainable on the veldt. One helping was not enough as the wine glasses in which it was served, held little. Jan ordered more, and while they ate it he told Meenie again that he loved her, and wanted her to be his wife. But she had said she hated him, and obstinately refused to surrender, although her heart was heavy.

Back to the tents they went. It was a sorry looking Jan that left Meenie with her mother that night.

At three o'clock the following morning a thunder clap awakened everybody in camp. Lightning flashed, the heavens opened, and the rain fell in torrents. The tents were flooded, and the campers were forced to seek shelter under the hoods of the wagons. In an hour the storm was over. Then the stars shone out again, and there was naught but the wet ground to indicate that a heavy rain had fallen.

Soon after sunrise the oxen were inspaaned, although it was doubtful whether the river could be crossed, owing to the rain. There was very little water on the ford when they came to Pretoria, but after the storm it was likely to be a raging torrent. Pete was anxious to get started, however, as it was time to plant the mealies, or corn. So off they went.

On the outskirts of town was the river. Pete's wagon was in the lead. He stopped at the ford, looked it over carefully and decided that he could make the crossing in safety. Van-Niekerk advised him not to try it, and said he preferred to wait until the water went down. But Pete was venturesome, and forced his horse into the river, reaching the other side in safety. He called to Sixpence, who mounted the wagon. Ginfish seized the rheim tied to the horns of the lead oxen. Sixpence cracked his whip, and the oxen followed Ginfish into the river.

Half way over Ginfish missed the ford. The water swept him off his feet, and carried him down stream to his death. The lead oxen followed, in spite of their struggles. In a few moments the whole team was afloat. The horrified spectators expected to see the wagon overturned, or carried away by the struggles of the oxen. But the dissel-boom (tongue) broke and it remained aground on the ford, safe for the time being. The children cried with horror, expecting to be drowned. Mary implored Pete to save them, and Meenie, who was badly frightened, made an effort to keep the supplies from being washed away

A wave, bigger than the others, caught the wagon, and threatened to overturn it. It remained in safety But Meenie, who was trying to save her new clothes, was swept away, crying "Jan!" as the water ingulfed her.

Into the stream Jan spurred his horse, which was soon swimming for its life. Guiding it to the place where he expected Meenie to come to the surface he watched for her appearance. It seemed an age that he had to wait, but in reality it was only a moment. She rose at his side He caught her in his arms and turned his horse towards the river bank. Handicapped though it was by its double load, the animal made a brave fight for life and reached the bank in safety.

Dismounting, Jan laid down his precious burden. Under the ministrations of her mother and lover Meenie soon revived, and regained conscious-

Continued on page 308.

Jan told Meenie again that he loved her and wanted her to be his wife

The Woman of His Faith

By Frederick Palmer

Illustrated by Robert Edwards

HIS work on the new aeroplane stations for the defense of the canal locks finished, Danbury Rodd was laying the shadows of his planes in a straight line from the Isthmus to San Francisco over vast green patches of tropical jungle, bays molten in the sun, and stretches of open ocean.

Shortly afternoon, he saw directly ahead a lone cruiser at anchor in a Central American harbor. As he had a sort of standing invitation to any naval mess in any clime, he decided in favor of lunch aboard rather than cold tea and sandwiches on the wing.

Dropping out of the October of the higher airs into the August of the lower, the *Falcon* rested her pontoons on the still surface of the heated waters; a launch put out with hospitable alacrity for her versatile driver, and five minutes later he was mounting the gangway while a tall officer in the early thirties was leaning over the rail with a Robinson Crusoe smile of welcome to a visitor from the outer world.

"If you don't recall me, my name's Larned," he said.

"Frank Larned, in full," returned Rodd, who mapped faces as accurately as landscapes in his memory. "I knew you at the Guantanamo manoeuvers—you were the fellow who got more excited over the arrival of the mails than your fine record with your battery. You seemed to think that all the letters ought to be for you."

Larned was evidently touched on a tender spot. He blushed like a bridegroom.

"Well, I get my share, and I'm bound to admit that I simply live on letters," he admitted happily. "But you must have a thirst after sailing through so much air in sight of so much water. Come below, and I'll squeeze a lime into something cool for you."

Now the much-traveled Rodd was well used to naval cabins. On deck and at the guns, an officer is a part of the machine; in his cabin, the books, the pictures, and all the little personal arrangements express the man and his tastes. Here is his home, his library, his castle—the one place in that hull filled with sinister creations of steel where he can throw off his harness and be an individual.

And Larned's cabin was like a photograph gallery.

"You see why I am so interested in the mails," he said with bashful delight as he noted his guest's glance around.

Every photograph was a glorification of the same subject. Turn which way he would, Larned was bound to see his goddess; and yet it was perfectly clear he could not see enough of her. She appeared in all the variations of Occidental costume; in a *kimono* of Japan with a chrysanthemum in her hair; in the *sarong* of the Middle East with a necklace of Colombo turquoises around her bare, full throat.

"Why, I am so proud, I had to include one of myself," said the worshiper with a nod toward a panel over his desk in which she appeared as a bride on his arm. That was a triumph paling any victory at arms hero ever won. His idolatry made Rodd feel young. It made Larned seem a glorious boy.

If his character were transparent in its joyous simplicity, not so his wife's. She was undeniably good-looking; and she had a regal way that ought to carry her anywhere.

But what else? Rodd, interested, was asking as he sipped that something cool. Apparently she had been a trifle spoiled; life was gay, her spirits overflowing. Analysis was easy to this point, which was exactly where the puzzle began.

Rodd fell under the spell of the piquantly militant angle at which she carried her chin; the baffling—was it also thoughtful?—way she had of looking through her half-closed lashes. Had she depths beyond the shallow soundings of photographic literalism which entreated the alchemy of a Sargent's brush? Or was she simply a splendid physical creature whether in riding habit, *kimono*, or *sarang*, and nothing more?

"Oh, it's an eternal wonder to me how I ever had such luck," Larned persisted under the winning spell of Rodd's magnetism, which had the trick of making men pour out their confidences. "But there's the fact that I've found her waiting for me in port after port around the world—and before I was off to sea again I always insisted on another photograph. Pretty soon I'll have to put them on the ceiling. Now she's waiting at San Diego while I do time down here among the revolutions."

And then lunch was announced. In the wardroom, Rodd found that Larned was the inexhaustible fountain of youthful cheer and optimism of that mess, which had the inclination of long exile to biliousness and gloom. Of course he had a nickname. As a middy every Annapolis man gets one which sticks to him through life. It is the expression of keen, schoolboyish judgment of essential characteristics acting as a perpetual reminder to the cog from the public opinion of the machine. Your toady is "Greasy," your dreamer is "Bubbles;" your impulsive fellow is "Biff."

Larned was "Old Simples."

After the meal was over, all had drawn their chairs up in expectation of hearing still more about aviation when an orderly brought Larned a wireless telegram. He was laughing in his light-hearted way as he opened it—but the laugh died on lips that turned ashen. It was plain that he received a terrible blow, though he tried to appear composed as he asked to be excused.

"I—I—have to answer this," he said hoarsely.

There was utter silence as he passed out. The spirit seemed to have been struck out of that mess by a hand which they could not see. A glance as if of sombre understanding passed around the table, and then the ship's doctor, to save the situation, coughed.

"As you were saying, Mr. Rodd—" he stammered.

Rodd's quick sympathy had experienced the general depression. He was glad of the interruption of his narrative that came a moment later from the soft-footed Chinese servant at his elbow.

"Mr. Larned would like to see you, sir!"

At Larned's door, the bare walls stared at Rodd in the irregular patches of the lighter white showing where the faces had been. The shrine of the goddess was being dismantled. The idolater was taking down the last of the photographs and placing it on the pile on his desk beside the telegram.

In answer to Rodd's knock he picked up the telegram and turned round, no longer boyish but like a palsied old man who had had all the joy of living shaken out of him. His voice broke in spite of himself as he tried to say matter-of-factly:

"The best time I can make to San Diego by the miserable steamer connections of these regions is two weeks. How soon can you be there?"

"Some time to-night," Rodd answered, looking at his watch. "About nine o'clock, I should say, counting on the usual Pacific calm."

"Then I could be on time," said Larned. There was the rising swell of passion in his tone. He gave the telegram a look as if it stood for a secret which was a part of his very soul, and then, in the agony of appeal, passed it to Rodd.

"That tells my reason for going," he added, "a reason that grows more terrible as I think of it."

Rodd was used to reading any paper for more than the text; otherwise he would have been drawn into many flights which might have yielded adventures but would have served no good purpose. This he saw was written by a woman, impetuously, in a moment of alarm over a sudden discovery. It was not in stilted and studied "telegraphese." It was a human document.

San Diego, April 30, 19—
Strange here and you ought to be here now or it may be too late. (Signed) *Alice.*

A new use for an aeroplane, in its transcendency over the limitations of the time and space of the ordinary schedules of travel, as a vehicle for a jealous husband supposedly marooned had a meretricious and ultra-professional aspect which Rodd refused to take into consideration. He put a question.

"Before I consent I must ask who Alice is."

"A relative—a common friend both of my wife and myself," said Larned.

Rodd was silent, regarding that telegram as if it contained a secret cipher. But actually he was not seeing the telegram at all. He was once more trying to search the depths of that woman of the photographs.

"Is that all you have to ask? Will you take me?" Larned demanded in an outburst of impatience. "It's my only chance. Don't keep me in suspense!"

"Yes, it's very easy to take you," said Rodd slowly. "But think. Are you quite sure you want to go?"

What he had meant as suggestion for thought had only given a cruel turn to the knife in Larned's live wound. The passion of his simple mind was now as bent on San Diego as it had been on idolatry.

"Want to?" he asked miserably. "Want to? It's not that. I was 'Old Simples' at the Academy. I am still 'Old Simples.' Now I see why I had the nickname. After this telegram it is living in hell to stay here. I—I"—the battle of logic against faith rocked his big generous nature as a breeze rocks a leaf—"I suppose there is something weak in me or I wouldn't let anything turn me over this way. I had laughed at all warnings about the danger of my long absences. I was supremely happy. She wrote me always honestly about what she was doing, of the men who were pleasant to her. I never let any skepticism have a place. Now the barriers are down, it comes in a flood. I am mad with this thing. I must save her—I must know."

"There is only one way then," said Rodd, a little sadly. "We will go."

After his outcry of thanks—in clumsy misery which he could no more conceal than a badly burned man his pain—he tied the photographs together in a bundle and slipped them in a drawer, and turned the lock.

Thus for a few seconds she surveyed Strange, while he wilted, his pose all gone

"Ready!" he said stonily with a gesture to Rodd to precede him, then stopped and touched his shoulder boards with a significant gesture. "No!" he added, "not in my uniform!"

Something stronger than custom seemed to prevail on him—the thought that it was peculiarly the man and not the officer who was bound on this journey.

Leaving him to make the change, Rodd passed on into the wardroom, where a number of the officers remained in gloomy preoccupation. He pretended to run over the pages of a magazine as he asked carelessly:

"By the way, who is Strange?"

The faces took life to express a shade of dislike.

"Our senior watch, now on leave," said the paymaster.

So Strange and Larned had sat side by side at that same table where men cover their feelings, in the imprisonment of long cruises, with the manner of fellowship. And "Old Simples" had been the unsuspicious soul of optimism and cheer.

"I wish somebody would punch Strange good and hard," the doctor blurted through his mustache to himself. "It's the only medicine for such a case."

"That would take some doing, though," said Pay. "Bully Strange was the best boxer of his class—and he's kept in practice."

"*Bully* Strange," mused Rodd, with a touch of emphasis, as Larned appeared in a gray civilian suit.

In affected merriment his fellow-officers served notice that in his absence the medico would be kept busy prescribing for universal liver complaint. Shying at the indelicacy of any remark, which would hint of the real prayer in their hearts, they wished him a perfect flight; they wished him good luck; and leaning over the rail, they waved their handkerchiefs as that strangely powerful thing of spindling fragility rose from the waters and disappeared into the blue.

Unless it was Boss Rainey, who rode from New York to Albany with the single remark, "It's d—d cool up here!" Rodd recalled no quieter passenger. Larned was gray and graven as the promontories and pinnacles of the coast of Mexico which went tumbling by.

"Faster—faster! You are going your fastest?" he would ask as if he ought to say something and that were his only thought.

How he was suffering! Chaos was surging through the channels of his brain; little green devils were singing in his ears.

He stared steadily ahead, eyes uncalled by the splendor of the sinking sun which laid a sheet of flame across the Pacific, sent liquid gold quivering along the *Falcon's* main rods, and later gathered its gilded skirts in long folds which it drew after it into the sea.

At ghostly speed, the course marked by the coasts' necklace of surf in the growing darkness, they kept on to the harbor of San Diego and swept in toward the town, which lay an irregular section of Milky Way on the background of a blanket with the scattered stars of the ranch houses of the hills peeping through.

"And where to in San Diego?" Rodd asked.

Larned nodded toward the windowed illumination of a famous winter-resort hotel on the beach. After an amateur, who nearly ran his forward plane into the kitchen door, was out of the way, the *Falcon* dropped into the aerodrome stretch, which had formerly been the tennis courts.

"Your part is over," said Larned, in uncanny abstraction as he alighted. "And mine is—is—perhaps just beginning."

He was like one in fear of what awaited him as they followed the path which led to the front of the hotel. Rounding a hedge, they faced the comfortable after-dinner scene on the broad verandah. The rocking chairs were in the first lap of the evening's gossipy march; the partners for bridge were forming in line of battle.

At sight of Larned, a woman arose with the start of one who doubts her own vision. Convinced by his bow to her that she was not mistaken, she came forward with an expression of infinite relief and gratification.

"That must be Alice," Rodd thought. She was about thirty-five, with a droop to the corners of her mouth, he observed as he paused at the foot of the steps to answer the greeting of some one he knew and to allow Larned to pass on.

"It's really you—what a dispensation!" he heard her say excitedly Then she lowered her voice lest the people sitting near should hear. But its tone was audible in its sympathy and alarm.

Whatever the nature of her message, it had the same urgent quality as her wireless. It was so portentous that it could be brief. Larned's profile was in relief as he listened; and his jaw drew up, forming a solid line from nostril to chin. He asked a single question, and with its answer he seemed to have heard all that he wished to know. After a faint and pitiable smile of thanks as he turned away, he seemed unconscious of people and verandah. He was a hunter who saw only one object; and Rodd was to be his weapon.

"I was right to come—right!" he said. "And I am going to ask you to take me a little farther so that I shall know the worst."

The way he spoke suggested the rumble of a volcano before an eruption Rodd could do nothing but assent, even if the face of the photographs were not allure him with its puzzle to see the drama through. Larned set a rapid, determined pace, his heels crunching the gravel heavily as they started back along the path

"The road to Mexico!" he announced after they were seated again in the *Falcon*.

Rodd recalled that this led to a village on the other side of the border where bull fights were held to draw American tourists in the season. And this side of the village, he knew, was an inn kept by a Frenchman.

Larned was ashen and rigid as a gun mount His every nerve seemed strung to the breaking point. Suddenly, as if all had snapped at once his shoulders fell together and he crunched the knuckles of one hand in the clasp of the other as if he were crushing some enemy.

"I do believe!" he cried defiantly. "In spite of all, I do. My love is too great. It would never permit her to do wrong."

The *Falcon* had already skimmed over the harbor beach and picked up the faint track in the sand. Two or three miles ahead the lights of an automobile blinked at one of the turns.

"Then you'll go back?" Rodd asked His hand greedily slipped to the lever. He imagined the face in the photographs smiling approval. "Yes, if you believe you'll go back," he repeated

"No, I can't!" Larned answered. "This green devil is crying out within me. There is no stifling it. I must go on."

Now they drew so near the automobile that they could distinguish the figures of a man and woman in the tonneau with a chauffeur ahead.

"Yes," said Larned metallically. "Please slow down."

With only the purring auxiliary to drive her, the *Falcon* hovered in fantastic mockery behind her earthly cousin, keeping the same pace, making the same turns—a nemesis of the air But Rodd felt ashamed of his part, as if he would be afraid to look the woman of the photographs in the face. Larned must have had something of the same feeling, for he broke into a half suppressed outcry against himself.

The lights of the village appeared, and this side of them, the light of the inn grew distinct. When the automobile swung in toward the Frenchman's door, the *Falcon* grounded in the shadows well away from the road, with no sound except the whisper of her runners on the sand and the squeak of a cactus they had crushed.

Unseen, the fliers could see anything

Continued on page 309.

Community Farming For War Widows

BEING A PLAN WHEREBY THEY MAY BECOME SELF-SUPPORTING WITHOUT BEING SEPARATED FROM THEIR CHILDREN; WHEREBY THE DAUGHTERS MAY BE TAUGHT HOUSEWIFERY AND THE BOYS AGRICULTURE

By Elizabeth Pollard

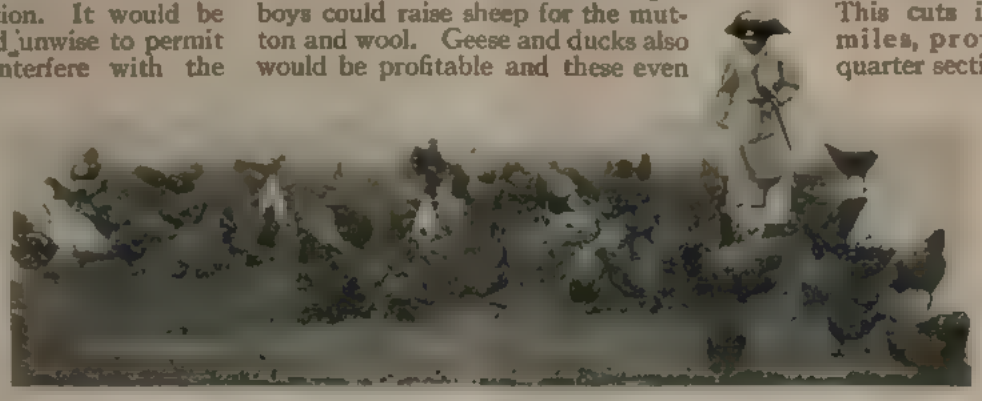
Illustrated from Photographs

FOR a number of years back the widow with children has engaged considerable attention. These we have always with us, but war is bound greatly to augment the usual number of wage-earning women, encumbered with the support of children. In addition to caring for our own, we are likely to be asked to receive a number of widows from the motherland. It is understood, however, that Canada is to be guaranteed against being burdened with their subsequent support.

The placing of widows should receive careful attention. It would be distinctly unfair and unwise to permit their coming to interfere with the rights of other wage-earning women already established in Canada. There is no occupation these alien women could engage in that would disturb the industrial balance of the country less than that of farming. From the idle acres of this country, all the essentials of human support can be produced either as the finished product, or in the raw material, barring minerals.

Many will unthinkingly condemn farming as unfit for the manless family. It is admittedly hard, but far better for the woman who likes country life than anything the city has to offer her. The best philanthropy has been able to do for the working mother in the city, is to provide a day nursery where her babies can be cared for at a trifling cost, during working hours. Nearly all such women can only do unskilled labor, demanding ten hours work a day. Therefore, she must rise early, drag her babies out of their bed, wash, dress, and feed them, then take them to the nursery early enough, so that she can get to her own work by seven o'clock. After a long day of hard work, she must go after her babies, prepare supper, and do other housework. Consider what a life for a woman to lead!

MANY women from the old country have been more or less accustomed to an outdoor life. They turn longing eyes towards the freer, nobler life on the farm. Those who have half-grown boys could raise sheep for the mutton and wool. Geese and ducks also would be profitable and these even the women with babies could manage. But for the building up of permanent homes, farming must be made more attractive than it is at present.



She would keep about fifty or more laying hens

These woman settlers would be expected to take up new land, but for this the present methods of homesteading offer certain serious difficulties. Isolation, with all its attendant drawbacks, has been the most deadly blight on the happiness and contentment of the settler. Not only does it preclude sociability, but handicaps co-operation, and hinders all neighborly helpfulness. Many a deserted prairie farm might be to-day the home of a prosperous growing family, had conditions been such that a young homesteader would have felt justified in asking a wife to share his home making.

High cost of farm and family necessaries, inefficient schools, lack of experience, inadequate markets, and scarcity of cash, have all been serious disadvantages to farmers in general, and new settlers in particular.

THERE is a remedy for all these drawbacks. For instance, take a block of land in New Ontario, four miles square, with a railroad, or navigable river passing through the centre. This cuts into sixteen square miles, providing sixty-four quarter sections, of one hundred and sixty acres each, the regular size of farm alotted to a homesteader. In considering community farming for widows, it would seem advisable to divide each of these farms into three, to suit family conditions.

These orphaned families will vary in numbers from one child, perhaps to ten, and ranging in ages from the baby in arms to adult sons and daughters. Therefore, the farms should vary in size to suit the working power of the settler. Suppose the one hundred and sixty acres were divided into lots of ninety acres, fifty acres, and twenty acres. The larger farms would of course be given to those with boys old enough to handle a team. With three families on each quarter section, there would be a total of one hundred and ninety-two families in the community. Assuming that these families held an average of four members each, there would be a farming population of seven hundred and sixty-four people,

"One of the most serious problems facing Canada to-day is the matter of handling the hundreds of thousands of returned soldiers after the close of the war. The Canadian Pacific Railway has decided to establish, in Western Canada, colonies where men can obtain improved farms on terms which will, in time, enable them to become land owners and create homes for themselves and their families. These colonies will be given distinctive names, probably with military associations and will contain a sufficient number of families in each to ensure social school and church facilities and will include in each case a central instructive farm under a competent agriculturist so that advice and instruction may be available for the colonists."

—FROM A RECENT INTERVIEW WITH LORD SHAUGHNESSY, PRESIDENT CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

all within easy driving distance, and most within walking distance of the community centre, where a village would form which would be the centre of social and business activity. This would eliminate isolation and loneliness

Wealthy individuals or companies may come forward and finance some of these farming ventures. If so, co-operation with the government would be necessary, in order to secure adequate protection for the settlers. The government would of course give the land, and unemployed men could be set at clearing land and putting up buildings, as soon as they are released from war occupations, thus providing against an unemployment problem.

High cost of necessaries has been a serious handicap to settlers. To remedy this, provide a suitable building for a departmental store, and lease to a reliable merchant at a moderate rent, under certain restrictions. A store credit system is bad both for the buyer and seller. The tendency is to buy less carefully than if payment on the spot is required. Then many such debts are never paid, and the merchant is forced to charge more for his goods to cover losses. It is a case of the good payers holding up the delinquent ones. If a settler has neither money nor produce to exchange for goods, it would be far better to lend the required money than permit the indiscriminate running of bills. With a good trade assured, no bad debts to make up for, no accounts to keep with customers, and no expensive delivery system to keep up, a merchant could well afford to sell much cheaper instead of away dearer than a city merchant as is apt to be the case in new countries.

THE community farm, in the centre of the settlement, would be a demonstration farm. Employed on it would be expert men and women whose business it would be to teach the inexperienced settlers everything needful in agriculture, both on the land, and about the house. On it would be kept fine poultry of all kinds, and pure bred sires to maintain the efficiency of the community flocks and herds.

Harvesting machinery—is a heavy expense to the settler. In many cases proper protection from weather is impossible. Any one traveling through the prairie provinces must have noticed how much costly machinery was being ruined by the action of the weather The community plan does away with this waste. An experienced farmer could size up the acreage under grain crop, and buy the required machinery for the whole community and store it properly on the community farm.

How to get horse work done in the most satisfactory way for women with only young children would be a problem. If men settlers on nearby farms cared to earn money by doing the work, it would be simple enough. Otherwise, men from the community centre would have to attend to the matter.

The efficiency of the school is of the most vital importance. Consolidated schools are suggested, but it isn't easy to bring about such a radical change in an old settled neighborhood. In a new country it would be different, and an excellent opportunity would be provided for testing out the feasibility of such a school in Canada, though it is past the experimental stage in the States.

Assuming an average of two children to a family, of school age, the result is three hundred and eighty-four pupils. Under ordinary rural conditions, about

She would need a cottage, barn, hen house and perhaps a pig pen, such as are supplied with the readymade farm by the Canadian Pacific Railway

twenty school houses, with the same number of teachers would be required for that number of children. Instead of these twenty scattered, isolated schools, cheaply built, poorly equipped, and taught under serious handicaps, community farming makes it possible to have one splendid graded school, equal in educational advantages to the best the city has to offer. This in itself would attract an intelligent, and highly desirable class of people to the land.

The argument may be advanced that this system of education would be too expensive for the country. It would not. In fact it would cost less than the one now in force. The money expended on the twenty school houses would provide one fine building, with modern conveniences and up-to-date equipments.

Then consider the teaching in rural schools. The sparse attendance, poor equipment, and lack of public interest, makes the work discouraging. Added to these, loneliness and social drawbacks make teaching in the country so unattractive that it takes a good salary to hold even a poor teacher. The community school would be a different proposition. An efficient staff of teachers could be secured for about half the cost of maintaining the twenty teachers in isolated schools.

NEXT comes the problem of getting distant pupils to school. The saving in teaching would more than cover this expense. Vans, either horse, or motor power, could be provided, and run at a trifling cost by one of the advanced pupils living at a distance. These school vans could be made useful for other purposes, and prove a great convenience in the settlement. They might carry mail, deliver parcels, and on Saturdays take women, who had no horses, to the village to shop, or to have a little outing.

These schools would differ from city schools in certain essentials. They would be on, or convenient to, the demonstration farm, where the girls could be taught housewifery, including buttermaking, and the care of poultry. In connection with the care and storing of farm machinery would be a repair shop, where the boys, in addition to lessons in general agriculture, could be taught how to handle farm implements and machinery, besides simple carpentry, and other crafts necessary to the independent farmer. Thus the widow would find her children advancing in useful knowledge, till gradually the burden would begin to shift from her to their sturdy young shoulders.

Even the woman with only babies could manage. The most difficult case would be for instance, a woman with three, one nursing, another less than four years old, and a third between these two. She would have a 20-acre farm, divided into four fields, a meadow, a pasture, one for grain, and one for garden, roots and corn, all opening into her barnyard. A cottage, with cellar, a barn, hen house, and pig pen would be needed. She would keep about fifty or more laying hens, a cow or two, perhaps a few ducks, and a couple of pigs.

The woman with half grown boys could raise sheep; geese and ducks would be profitable, and these the woman with babies could manage

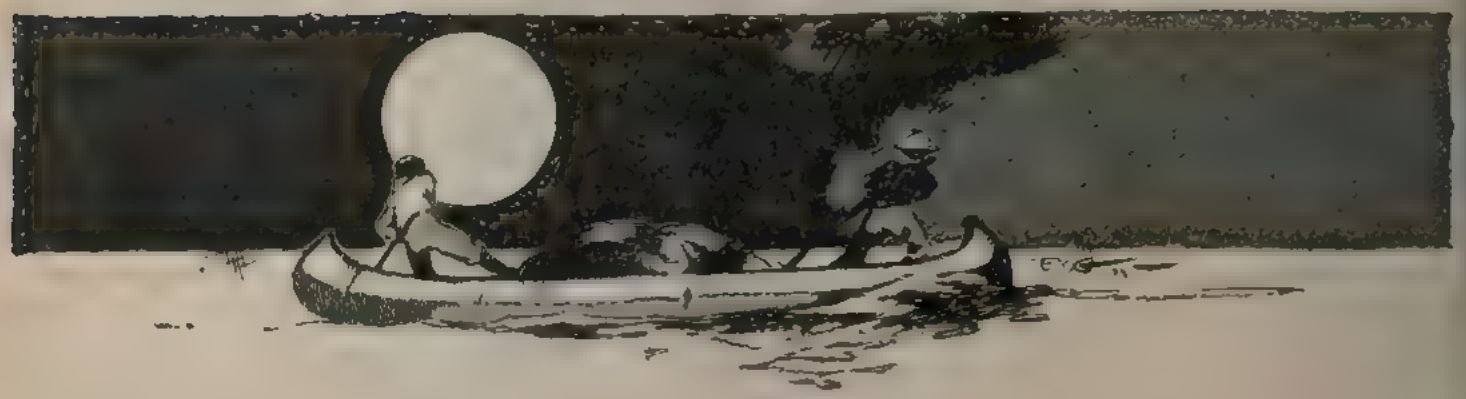
In the city, it would be a case of taking the babies to the nursery. They would be poorly housed at home, and only cheap food would be within their reach. A poor prospect for their physical well-being. Morally, a worse period is ahead of them. During

Continued on page 314.

The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Ahteck and Paul were quite ready, and their loads were all on board. Before the final start the children claimed their kisses, but Mititesh stood apart, a sad little figure, making every effort to restrain all evidence of her desolation. But Ahteck went up to her, prompted by the great affection and sympathy he had always felt for her. He kissed her gently, bending over, and patted her cheek, bidding her to have courage. After this he had to turn away and, silently, the big drops began to fall again.

When, at last, all the travelers were on board the steamer, that was heavily laden and low in the water, a little bell jingled and the engine began to puff, asthmatically, slowly revolving the big stern wheel. The whistle called out three salutes and the departing crowd looked ashore, waving brightly colored handkerchiefs at their friends, who kept on getting smaller and more indistinct, till they disappeared.

The decks were terribly cluttered up with their big cargo. A few of the men had managed to get whiskey, strong white alcohol they could scarcely swallow without coughing, and soon began to sing. Before long some of them sat down, with foolish expressions on their dark faces, while others stretched out on the deck and fell asleep. But by far the greater number were in their right minds and began to argue, with many gestures, on the inexhaustible subjects of peltry and the prices it might bring in the forthcoming spring.

Ahteck, as always, was very silent, though not unhappy. The great longing for the wilderness was upon him also. It is impossible to question an Indian of the north without being told that he prefers the winter and its hardships to the idle time of summer. There was also the excitement of the great gamble that is trapping, for a man never knows what the catch will be or which furs will rise or fall in price. The prospect of the long winter was by no means distasteful, and then, always, there was the hope that whenever the great curse should chance to fall, it might spend its force upon him alone, in the wilds, far from all those he loved, so that they might have no share in it. For himself he had no more fear than has the soldier, inured to battle, who marches to the enemy.

CHAPTER XVII.

FALLING LEAVES AND GROWING LOVES.

Those who had been left on the shore kept on looking, long after the little steamer's slender plume of wood smoke had disappeared in the soft haze that washed distant headlands with tints of faint blues and lavenders. Uapukun returned home with the two children, but Mititesh remained behind. Ahteck's mother had discerned the feeling which, as yet unconsciously, was growing in the child's mind, and this devotion to the big son caused the woman to love the girl more strongly. He had no friends, seldom mingling with others, never taking part in rejoicings or dances, keeping to himself at all times, excepting within the little house, where he was always gentle and kindly but seldom joined in any talk. It was good to think that some one was growing up who might some day make him happy.

Mititesh did not leave the shore until long after it had been deserted by every one else. She had remained seated upon a water-worn rock, in the lee of an old boat that had been left there to decay until the ice of coming winters should grind up what was left of its old ribs and planking.

Hour after hour she had gazed toward the place, hidden by the vastness of the waters, where the Peribonca dug its ever-shifting channel in the maze of sand-bars, and in which the steamer had disappeared, bearing the two men who were again going to taste the glory of the wilderness and confront its perils. She could close her eyes and see them poling up the narrow Aleck River, with the poles clanking upon the rocks. She could follow them through the two big lakes with the long jutting points, and finally up the little river where the crosses had been planted. There, she knew, they would stop and say a prayer. By this time the wild grasses would have begun to spring on the mounds, and seeds of the wild raspberry, that always seem to follow the footsteps of man, would be sprouting around them. Then, in the years to come, the thorny growth would come up rank and thick, and the hares would make little paths criss-crossing it, and there the women and children of other generations might set snares for them.

An immense longing had come to her, to be there and pray also, to follow the long trails, watching the blazes and the trap-marks, carefully noting tracks, breathing the air that seemed so much better and purer there than in this haunt of many men. More than by all other things, although as yet she hardly realized it, Mititesh was filled with the desire to be with Ahteck, to follow him—to be within hearing of his voice.

She finally returned to the little house and soon went to bed, too heart-sore to make more than a pretence of

eating supper, and the woman Uapukun waking in the night, heard her sobbing gently.

The months stretch out as long as years, and the years as eternities, to those over whose heads but a few summers have passed. To Mititesh the period that was to elapse before the trappers returned seemed like time without end, never to be finished. She attended school faithfully, and learned a great deal, because it was Anteck's desire. She had so far penetrated the abstruse science of numbers that she was able to add together the days of the many months before the coming of the early summer. Upon a glaringly hued calendar vaunting the virtues of a patent medicine she marked off every new morning as conscientiously as she said her prayers, and perhaps even more eagerly. She had not forgotten the masses that were to be said, and possessed a comforting faith that by this time all was well with the souls of those who had been left behind.

By and by water left outside filmed over in the pails, and one day the yellowed grasses gleamed with frost. Then, after a short interval, came the first of the really cold days, when a thick skin of ice formed on the ponds, growing heavier every night. A little later, one evening, the wind ceased to blow, and in the morning the ice was glistening, as far as one could see, upon the surface of the great lake. By and by dog-teams were hurrying over it. The snow began to pile up high, making great drifts, and a night finally came when the little church bell rang for the mass at midnight, for Christmas had come.

After this, very slowly, the days began to grow longer and, at times, the breath of the winds that swept the lake became milder. As the weeks went by the thick ice on the lake broke up into a great jumble of huge cakes which the northerly gales piled up on the shores. But finally these began to melt away, and suddenly the birches and the poplars put on their new dresses of tender greens and little flowers peeped out on the hillsides.

The clangor of the calls of geese in triangular lofty flights towards the north was heard. They were going to meet Ahteck, thought Mititesh. Diver ducks and shelldrakes came first to the lake, with a few big gulls, and then other waterfowl and wading birds, and one morning the air was filled with the chirping of swallows who began forthwith to gather around muddy spots on the road, for material wherewith to build or strengthen domiciles under the eaves of barns, while others clung to the sand-banks, clearing deep holes for the benent of the families that would soon be hatched. Came a day when the very first lot of Indians re-

Synopsis

Peter McLeod is appointed agent for the Hudson Bay Company at Grand Lac to succeed the inebriate Jim Barry, recently deceased. Upon his arrival at the Post Peter finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The various remedies applied by the Indians result in blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely young Indian girl, nurses him back to health and is rewarded with his love. She had been a servant for Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and her knowledge of affairs at the Post is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She tells him that the brighteyed youngster Ahteck, always at her side, is her brother; both presently become essential to McLeod's happiness and he marries her. One evil day, when he is away on a week's hunting trip a band of Nascaupees arrive and their spokesman reveals himself to Uapukun as the avenging husband who has sought out her hiding place. She can purchase his silence only by giving him expensive stores and firearms. She refuses and he is about to strike her when Ahteck, hearing his threats, rushes upon him and fells him with a blow. He believes he has killed his father. He insists upon leaving home lest the punishment of offended deities may include those he loves, and journeys to Pointe Bleue, where he works in a sawmill and lives with the family of Jean Caron, whose little daughter, Mititesh, alone can rouse him from his gloom. He goes on trapping expeditions with Caron's friend, Paul Barrotte, and finally abandons his work at the sawmill for this newer occupation.

Upon the death of Peter McLeod, Uapukun seeks out Ahteck, overcomes his scruples, and, with the snug sum which Peter has left her, makes a comfortable home for Ahteck and the two children. With the coming of winter, Ahteck and Paul Barrotte start on their hunting trip to the North. Hither comes Jean Caron for help. His home has been burned, his wife and daughter, Mititesh, face starvation His feeble strength fails him within sight of the shack and, with one despairing cry, he falls unconscious. Ahteck and Paul hear his appeal and quickly bear him to the shack. Ahteck goes at once to Caron's camp, where he finds Mititesh, half starved, mourning over the body of her mother. Ahteck places the body in a tree to await burial in the spring, and returns with Mititesh to his own camp. Ahteck takes up her father's line of traps for Mititesh and finds a valuable black fox. Upon their return from the North this pelt is sold for enough to pay all of her father's debt at the Company's store and leave her more than a thousand dollars in the bank. Ahteck refuses to take Mititesh back to the North country the following years, but insists she attend school. Here she rapidly develops into a beautiful maiden but never loses the idea that she has promised to be Ahteck's woman.

turned, and at intervals others, until Mititesh, who watched during every moment she could spare, caught sight of two canoes driving homeward with a brisk little wind behind them. Something in her heart told her that these were the men she had been watching for. Nor was she mistaken.

Ahteck found her wonderfully grown. In a few days she would reach her fifteenth birthday. Her face had increased in beauty, and Uapukun could not say enough about what a constant blessing she was in the house, and how fond the two younger ones were of her.

Another year came and went, and Mititesh no longer went to school, for she had learnt all that was taught the children of Pointe Bleue. She remained with Uapukun, taking most of the work of the little house upon her shoulders and helping in the turning out of moccasins and other things that could be sold. As with many of the maidens of the dusky inhabitants of Pointe Bleue, she seemed to change well-nigh from one day to another into a tall girl showing no more signs of childhood. The young men were apt to turn and look at her. Visitors to the reservation, coming from the big hotel at Roberval, if they chanced to see her, were surprised at her looks, for she was more graceful in movement, more animated of countenance, than most of the young women there. It looked as if the tincture of white education and custom had added color and beauty to the traits of native origin. Several tried to take her photograph but she always ran away, with instinctive modesty or shyness.

Came more departures of Ahteck, that were very sad, and home-comings over which all rejoiced, until her eighteenth birthday found her a woman full grown in stature and loveliness, with features less heavy than are found in most of her race, and a low voice full of charm. In the little church the attention of many of the men was diverted to her, though she never took the slightest note of them. Some of them took to lingering during the long evenings of early summer, near the gate of the little house. There was a man called Baptiste, though he was better known under his Indian name of Peshu, the Lynx, more venturesome than the rest, or perhaps even more strongly attracted not only by her looks but also by the money in the savings bank, who began to pay her a great deal of attention. Finally, one day meeting her on the road, he declared that he loved her and wanted to marry her, and pressed her for an answer. He was a very big, strong man, the only one in the reservation who approached Ahteck a little in size and strength, and not bad looking. But Mititesh looked at him in a startled, frightened way, and, shaking her head, ran away, dismayed and trembling.

With the years she seemed to have become more timid and retiring. On the occasion of his last return she did not greet Ahteck with the effusive joy he had become accustomed to. Rather she met him with downcast eyes, as if seeking to conceal the light of her happiness at seeing him again. He saw that there was a change, or rather he felt it, dimly, without fathoming its import. To him she had been a child, just a little thing whom he had carried on his back, and who had, in the bitter cold of long nights in the wilderness, nestled her pretty head against him, confidently, with an affection that was like that of some petted thing for the one who takes care of it. Without being aware of it, during the last winter in the woods the man had, more strongly than ever before, felt the desire to return to the little house, and experienced a loneliness that irked him sorely.

He was perhaps even a little hurt at what seemed like a greater coolness on her part, at this new home-coming. How beautiful she had grown! He looked at her more intently than he ever had and when, turning towards him, she saw his eyes fixed upon her, her own dropped again at her feet and she showed heightened color.

On that first night, as Ahteck and Paul lingered at the table, having eaten heartily of good things they had long been deprived of in the wilderness, Mititesh moved quietly about them, with the grace of a young doe, serving them, attending to all their wants, listening eagerly to the tale of their hunt, her heart full of gratitude when they spoke of fine new crosses they had made to take the place of the old ones, that were succumbing to time and stress of weather.

Again Ahteck looked at her, often. How changed she was. He could hardly realize that it was the young starving thing whom he had carried so many miles on his back, with her little hands grasping his neck behind, and who had slept through part of the hard journey.

For a very long time, doubtless, his heart-strings had begun to twine about her. But to him it was an affection that had appeared to be a purely brotherly one. The idea of love would have filled him with consternation, for his somber ideas of future evil obsessed him as strongly as ever they had. She was one of the beloved household, like the mother or the two younger children, to be guarded from harm, to be spared pain and suffering at any cost of anguish on his part.

The change was greater in himself than in the girl, for in her there was but the development of maidenly modesty and timidity while in him, insidiously, mysteriously, the whole of his being was becoming altered before this bud of womanhood that was opening its petals early, as with others of her race with a charm and a fragrance that was her own. He was blind to it as yet, groping in a darkness such as affects only simple, honest souls and leaves them awed and bewildered at the coming of light. He could not realize that for a long time his thoughts, in the wilderness were always coming back to her, that her graceful form rose in the smoke of his woodland fires, pierced through the haze of the mornings, held a part in the visions of his dreams.

This change that had come upon him was plain and clear to Uapukun his mother. In her heart it brought hope. She loved the girl while sharing Anteck's belief that in the man's love there would be peril to the child who was now a woman. But this belief did not prevent her from desiring keenly that the two should wed. Like any other mother she thought that nothing could matter so long as her son might be made happy, even if for only a few brief years. But she spoke of this neither to the girl nor to her son, feeling that no intervention was needed on her part, that fate held them all in the hollow of its hand.

An offer soon came for Ahteck to go guiding, but he refused. The roof of the little house needed repairs and he wanted a new canoe to take the place of the old one, that was going to pieces for none of them can stand very long such journeys as that up the Aleck. He might have had the work done by others, and made better wages, probably, by guiding, but everything conspired to make him stay. The mother hinted always that it was too bad that he should be away most of the year and leave again nearly as soon as he returned, others might not do the work so conscientiously; home and dear ones were holding him back, and, more than all, the love that was beginning to surge into his being and that was to become a passion holding him in thrall. Gradually, though very fast, a great longing came to him for this girl who, in childhood, had given the best there was in her of toil and effort to her parents, and now kept this up in the household of these people who had adopted her, ever showing unending love and gratitude to them all.

Paul also had noticed the change in his friend. Ahteck was not aware that over there in the shack, whenever they met for a day or two at intervals of hunting, he spoke often of the girl. The smaller man would sit quietly, stretching a pelt and smoking his pipe, listening and drawing inferences. Once he had spoken, rather in jest, of the

child's promise to be the big hunter's wife, but had been met by immediate silence, by a return of the somber moods that were so easy to awaken and so hard to dispel, and therefore had never referred to the matter again.

A couple of weeks after their return from the woods Paul had come in and been kept for supper. The meal was finished and the two younger children were playing out on the road. Uapukun sat by the window, finishing some sewing in the long twilight of summer days. Ahteck's partner was lighting his pipe, holding a splinter to the open door of the little stove, because in the woods one learns to be saving of matches and the habit is one that sticks. He was in a very happy mood, the trading having just been finished and the season's peltry sold at a good price. Also he was thinking of a certain young woman with whom he had walked on the long road, in the evening, hand in hand, and in whose dark eyes he had read promise of future happiness.

Mititesh was clearing the table. Presently she brought a damp cloth with which she wiped it, and Paul looked at her, in frank admiration.

"'Tis a great wonder, Mititesh," he said laughingly, "what a beautiful tall girl thou hast grown. Who would have thought to see thee such a handsome maiden at the time thou mad'st thy promise to Ahteck to be his woman? Indeed I hope this is still in thy mind, and that thou rememberest those words in our camp in the big woods."

But the girl reddened and ran out of doors, with her heart beating fast. The other two children had just come in. Paul was laughing heartily at his own good-natured, if somewhat clumsy, notion of humor. He slapped Ahteck on the shoulder, with a resounding smack.

"Thou big hulking bear," he said, "every kind of good fortune always remains with thee and thine, in spite of thy sober old face. Make sure that I shall be one of the first to know, that I may wish thee happiness."

But to this Ahteck made no answer, and Uapukun looked keenly at her son, seeking to find out whether there was any ground for hope. After a few minutes, seeing that his friend looked very grave and much put out, Paul went away, bidding them all good night, and they heard him as he tramped away on the hard road while he hummed one of his old songs.

Little pitchers have big ears, and the two children had caught some of Paul's words. For a moment they stood to one side, whispering, and ran up to Ahteck just as Mititesh was coming in again.

"Oh! Uncle Caribou!" clamored the little girl, "is Pearl going to be thy wife?"

"And will there be a grand wedding in the church, with the bell ringing, and a dance with fiddles, and people all in their best clothes?" asked the boy, eagerly.

But Uapukun, seeing that her son was much disturbed, told the children it was no concern of theirs and hurried them off to bed. They left, obediently enough, but looked back over their shoulders as they scampered up the little wooden stairs, and their happy laughter was pealing.

The girl had put her hand up to her breast, suddenly, and she had looked down at her feet. Then she sat down, quietly, and took up the knitting of a big sock. She also looked somewhat dismayed, her eyes never wandering from her task. Yet they may have shown gladness as if, in the distance, there had been in them the vision of a pleasant dream that might come true. The man remained utterly silent, gazing persistently out of the window, in the fast gathering darkness whence, perhaps, the powers of evils might be on the watch. Finally Mititesh rose and went into the other room, to prepare dough that was to rise for the morning's baking. As soon as this was finished she bade the others good night and left for her own little chamber, on the same floor.

The Indian of the north prefers the winter and its hardships to the idle time of summer

For a few days Ahteck remained very somber and preoccupied, working hard during the day and at night sitting outside, near the door, for many hours, always gazing towards some very distant place in the great North, whereon seemed to fall the shadow of a great evil. There was a battle going on in his heart, a fierce struggle whose outcome, he thought, could only be disastrous, whichever way it might turn. He deemed it the beginning of his punishment. If he yielded to his longing he could but live in constant fear of having led Mititesh into dire peril. If he resisted he must lose something greater than life itself, and that had become a part of his being like the strength of his thews or the keenness of his vision.

It had come gradually, but none the less the shock was a terrible one when he realized how passionately he loved Mititesh—ay, an appalling shock, for his alarms returned in full power. He clenched his great fists and braced his broad back, swearing to himself that it should never be. He knew! Indeed he knew! These were doings of the devil of the priests, or the *Matshi Manitou* of his ancestors, that was seeking to lure him farther to his destruction. They were making ready to strike at him through the loyal, throbbing breast of Mititesh, to inflict unknown and frightful evils upon her that they might the better torture his heart and leave him helpless in his misery to cry out for pity, for a mercy that would never be accorded to him.

All these things, of course, his simple mind saw but vaguely, but he was like the wolf that smells a trap and fears it, even though he may be ravening with hunger. The snare of the evil spirits had been most cleverly set, and no odor of man or devil clung to it, but his suspicions had been aroused and he scented a danger ahead, as if already he could feel the crushing jaws and the cruel, pointed teeth of steel that were ready to snap together and grind into his quivering flesh.

Danger to himself was a thing he never thought of. The prospect of pain left him indifferent, as far as he was personally concerned. He despised it as his forebears had done in the olden days of warfare against other tribes, when captured warriors submitted, deriding and insulting the victors, to the tortures inflicted at the

stake. But he would allow no power of evil to crush him through Mititesh, the Pearl of Fresh Waters. He would not let them punish him by first tearing away at her soft flesh the more surely to wreak their ferocious vengeance.

A few more days went by and, one evening, mother and son were once again alone in the living room. She was mending clothes by the light of a small lamp while he sat close to her, battling with the thoughts that constantly assailed him.

"It has again been a good winter's trapping," finally said Uapukun, after a long silence. "There is no trapper hunting from Pointe Bleue who brings in so much fur, year after year, for no other could travel so long a line. I often think that thy work is too hard, with never any rest. Thou wilt kill thyself with toil. Already thy back, long before thy thirtieth year has come, is beginning to bend under the great loads of thy tump-line. Every year there is much money put aside, since it is all given in my keeping. Wha will be done with it all ?"

"It will be for thee and the children. Thou wilt also give some to the girl Mititesh, if ever she should need it."

"Dost thou never think of the need of it for thyself, for the home thou mayest seek some day ? It is all thine, but that which came from Peter McLeod my husband, that shall be for his children. And Mititesh is no longer a girl now, but a very beautiful woman."

"Ay, very beautiful," he admitted, nodding in assent. "There never was another like her."

He had no need to be told of her beauty. The image of it was always before him, waking as well as in his dreams. But an expression of pain came over his face, one that Uapukun was quick to detect, her eyes being shrewd with the great love she bore her son. For a moment she hesitated, with her hand pressed to her breast, yet she spoke again, with some effort.

"Mititesh would kneel and kiss the places trodden on by thy feet," she said, very slowly.

He looked at her, a vague fear showing in his eyes.

"No !" he exclaimed. "It must never be. Dost thou think that I brought her from the camp where she was starving, and that she has grown in beauty and goodness among us, only to be dragged by me towards those evil things that must come to me some day, swiftly, like the crashing storms that whiten the lake ? I tell thee again that it must never be !"

He had forgotten the child, nay, the woman who slept but a few paces away, separated from them by a slender partition he had built up for her with his own hands. The man's deep voice, in his excitement or his suffering, roused her from slumber. She lifted herself from her bed, her hands braced behind her, wondering at the loud speech, fearing that some trouble had arisen, and heard Uapukun's voice, more subdued and yet plain to her keen senses.

"But, oh, Ahteck, my son, thou surely lovest Mititesh."

There was a moment's silence, during which she listened, trembling. In the man's simple mind had come the idea that a lie might save his mother from suffering.

"No, mother," he answered, haltingly. "I—I do not love Mititesh !"

He had thought he would be able to deceive his mother, to prevent her from knowing that another source of misery had been added to his life. But Uapukun had understood him. She had no need to look at the arms that were now hanging limp at his side, at the head bowed down until his chin rested on his breast. Big silent tears began to well out from the eyes of the woman who had already shed so many.

But in the next room those words had penetrated clearly and stabbed their way into the girl's heart !

SHE was bred of people who from time immemorial had accepted hardship and pain as things inherent in their lives, with hardly a murmur! Therefore she merely dug her nails in the palms of her hand, silently, suffering as do the beasts of the wild, with never a whimper or a groan. Yet in such folk the great primal instincts and passions are as all the world over. The dreadful sentence had struck a chill through her—a chill like that of cold steel—that brought with it a fierce pain, a pang too great for endurance. Then, in the extremity of her grief, she buried her face in her small pillow, that she might make no outcry, that no sob of hers should reach the others. Most keenly she remembered those days of the great hunger in the woods, but no starvation of the body could be compared with the awful feeling of emptiness under the breast at which she clutched.

It was just a little more than four years ago, when she was yet a child, that she had told Ahteck that one day she would be his woman. Somehow, with hardly any further thought anent the matter, the idea of it had quietly taken a firmer and firmer hold upon her, becoming implanted in her mind and growing, ever growing, with strong grasping roots. And these, so deeply sunken, were now being torn out, brutally, fiercely, and she was left panting and exhausted, with lips trembling, so that for the rest of the night she could only stare through a darkness that was a long agony.

But the last star faded out again, and the sun rose and the birds sang. Yet after the two children had left for school the house became like one of mourners. Mititesh had battled with herself bravely, though she looked like one who has been in the grasp of death and has but recently become able to toil again. Uapukun was moving about the house in silence, attending to various needs patiently, long-sufferingly, like some over-driven beast of burden. Ahteck had gone out very early, and spaded up a good part of the garden, between the growing plants. But he came in again after the work was done. At times he uttered a few words, in his low grave voice, yet all of them avoided the eyes of the others, as if a single glance would have sufficed to bring despair among them.

At this time a bell began to toll in the little wooden spire of the church of the Oblates, and they crossed themselves. It marked a mass and the christening of little children borne in their mothers' arms, a time of rejoicing and hope for others

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLOW UNRETURNED.

As they stood in the room with heads bent they heard Paul. He was coming along the road, and as usual, was singing away in a loud voice whose merriness made up for a great lack of quality

"Ah ! *Bonjour, bonjour* !" he cried, coming in "How are you all ? I have great news to tell you For a long time Xavier Papineau has been coming to the house making the big eyes at my sister Anne. Yesterday evening she comes in, and the old mother she was peeling some *patates*, and I was shaving wood for a pair of *raquettes*, and Anne she look so *innocente* and she says, '*Maman*, thou knowest Xavier,' and the old *Maman* she says, 'Know Xavier ! He is always *fourre* around here, or waiting outside on the road, or bringing flowers from his garden. Certainly I know Xavier!' And then Anne she looks a long time at her *bottes*, and she says Xavier has asked her to marry him—and and—he wants to be married *tout de suite* and —and. . . . The old *Maman* she looks at me and asks me what I think of that *coquin* Xavier and I wink my eyes and say he is no good and Anne she gets red in the face and says we are both very *mechant* and *Maman* and I we laugh. Oh ! What laughs ! Then *Maman* she drops the *patates* and kisses Anne, and me too, and the wedding is for ten days, and they have borrowed Xavier's horse and gone to Roberval for a hat with feathers on it, as if the

Continued on page 315.

Nature's Pot of Gold

By Jean Blewett

Illustrated from Photographs

In Algonquin Park your nerves realize they're on a holiday and go off and hide themselves

CELIA DEAR,

Make no mistake, Louis the half-breed, who is guide, philosopher, and friend, and Peter, the mighty hunter, are the important members of this party—Dear Thing (Louis' name for the youngster) and I being mere hangers on, a pair of respectable, though hardly acceptable camp followers. At the last minute the cousin who was to have kept our house, and child, while we came to Algonquin Park on this fishing party, took measles. Think of it! Woman as a rule may be the self-sacrificing creature the poets paint her, but I'm out of that class, having a very human appetite for a good time and a burning desire to please myself. So, instead of offering to stay home and let Peter go I remarked:

"We'll take her with us."

"She'll be no end of bother," demurred Peter, "and Louis will likely swear like a trooper when he sees her—unless he happens to take a shine to her. *She's* an ingratiating little codger."

Louis took the shine all right—mutual love at first sight. From that day, when he tossed a cushion into his canoe, and tossed her upon it, they have been comrades. They made a queer looking pair, he wrinkled and swarthy, she with her white face and golden hair, her dimples and softness. I often sit and laugh at them, but I *don't* let Louis see me; I know better.

You may remember my raptures over these wilds in summer, but Celia, summer isn't in it with the autumn—nature's showing-off time. The summer is greenness and warmth, the autumn grandeur. In the summer nature's purpose is to tranquilize you; but now, ah! now, she is primitive, gloriously savage. Tranquilize! nay, stir, exhilarate. She seizes on your imagination with her pageants of color, she lifts the soul of you to the topmost branches of her flaming trees, blows you forth with a wind which sings in as many voices as the forest leaves have colors, forth upon a highway of red and gold and russet and crimson, lets you down among the maples, which are not maples now, but a company of gipsy dancers at their maddest, gladdest measure.

Our tent, a compact one of heavy oiled silk, sheds the water (when it rains) like the back of the duckiest duck you ever saw. Some genius has been at work on camping outfits, and, as a result, we have beds and tables which can be folded up and put out of the way. Even our stove goes in layers, and travels in a dinky suit case of its own. Am telling you all this to make you cross at yourself for refusing to come along. We are camped among poplars which look all the whiter because of the *riot* of *color* everywhere.

"Five of them were wise and five were foolish." The parable of the virgins has been in my thought since the dark came down. Just in front of the tent door is a group of poplars, five in number—five slim, silvery, sorrowful things, that lean together as though seeking comfort, then draw apart as though realizing there could be no comfort. They whisper, whisper, whisper, and always with tears in their whispering. "No oil; no oil; so happy we forgot! forgot! forgot!" a soft concerted chant of pain "forgot!" Poor pretty virgins in their bridal finery and not a lamp among them to ward off the darkness closing in!

Not a great way off, just behind the hills yonder, is in progress an illumination which might be in honor of the wise virgin who remembered and reaped the reward—and who consequently do not grip our sympathy as the foolish ones do. A touch of nature makes—you know the rest, Celia:

You and I used to think we saw the Aurora Borealis, Celia, but we never did. The real splendor is seen only in this north country, what we looked on was only the faint far-off reflection of it—not these, mighty marching hosts of snow white flame, merely the tips of the shining lances. There is a path of——

Louis, the half-breed, who is guide, philosopher and friend, and Peter, alias Isaac Walton, are the important members of this party

I had to stop for awhile. Isn't there a verse in the Book which says something like this: "Be still and see the glory of the Lord—the whole earth is filled with His glory." I may not be quoting correctly, but you'll catch my meaning. Forest and fen, cairn, valley and hill, wind and water, heights and depths both immeasurable, seem to be chanting the words. It is an experience which does not come often, nor does it need to, this losing yourself in the heart of things.

This northern lights display resolves itself into a celestial extravaganza. One lone shaft of brilliance comes as herald, quivering through the purple of the night like a rainbow splitting a storm cloud. Up, up, sweeps an army white armored, fire crested, up, up over a field which shines before it. Up, up, a myriad lances and every lance flame tipped, up, up, a million spears and every spear fire touched. Up, up, in growing splendor, column and company, square and file, two abreast, three abreast, four abreast, armor, helmet, and visor ashine, marching, still marching, horse and foot, banners of silver, pennons of flame mingling, melting into one, glory indescribable. The young moon, the hunters' moon as Louis told us at supper time, which awhile ago flaunted her silver crescent above the grey and purple twilight of the woods, hangs now on the edge of things like a broken Jade bracelet, and the stars, those faithful lamps of God, one by one, put out their lights (the northern star last of all) and leave the heaven's fire to this compelling host.

Celia, I wish you might see Algonquin Park with the night changed to noon. It is all vivid, quivering. The firs and pines seem to press against the glow until they show in detail needle, and cone, and feathery moss like a lace pattern upon a pillow,' or cobweb across the open fireplace of some Indian's tepee. The balm trees and silver birches wave every leaf and twig outlined. If you could *see* it! When it comes to describing something which looks like a chapter from *Revelations* I'm scared to attempt it. When this glory fades, the stars will light up again—just so, and when I get back to common things I'll likely follow their example and get my lamp of conceit burning merrily as ever. But not to-night, my dear, not to-night.

It is only in these great spaces one comes face to face with nature — catches a vision of wonders, hears her sounding her trumpets through the gloom of the forest, ringing her bells on the hills of silence, and she has a way of making you feel small.

"Beeg fireworks, eh?" says Louis, who has come up from the river with a pail of water. "Mebbe I tol' you 'bout de foolish Indian girl who travel far to fin' out w'ere all de shine it start? No, den I tell you now. She is too curious, dat girl, w'en someting shine lak it bus' itself don' get too close b'gosh!" his black eyes gleam merrily under his heavy white brows as he seats himself on a log by the tent door. (You'd love this homely old voyager.)

"Indian girl is dat beautiful dey call her Silvermoon. She died long tam ago—all beautiful Indian girl die long tam ago, I t'ink," with a chuckle, "anyway she is mooch praised—w'en she's dead. W'en we live folks don't wear de voices out telling how nice and good we are—you notice dat, eh? Mebbe w'en Silermoon was alive dere was talk 'bout de squint she have and de large feet. Native woman queer dat way, lak praise oder woman w'en oder woman be dead, jus' so."

He looks like a jolly old gargoyle with his face twisted in mirth. My husband, who has come up, chuckles, so do I. No, of course it isn't right but you've no idea how infectious Louis' fun is.

"Silvermoon have plaintee lovers, you bet," he proceeds. "She is big chief's daughter, and rich—don' know 'bout white man, but Indian don't let de girls fortune scare him way'. Come Stone Arrow from Marsh Lake, and say if she mak' de marry wit' him he will give de fader of her heap presents, also he will put on de war paint and lick de debbil out of de ol' chief's enemies—dat's de way catch de girl ever' tam b'gosh!

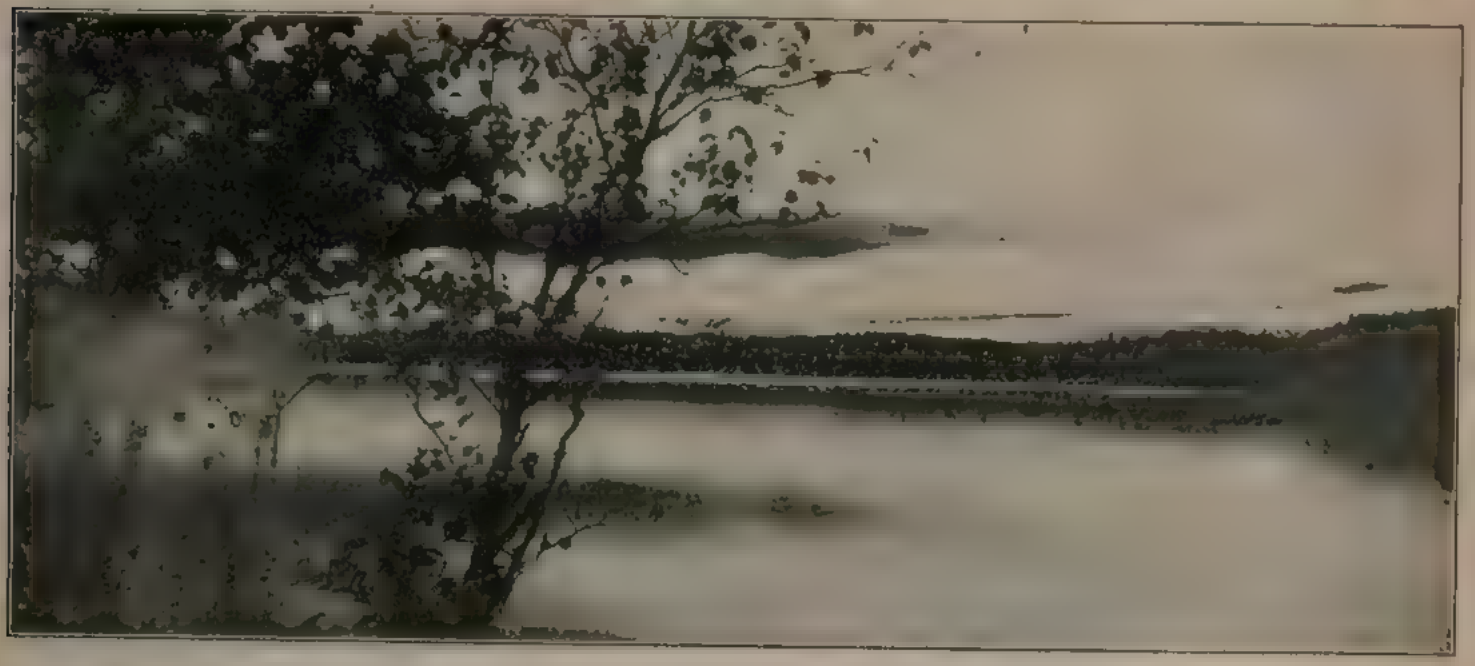
"But she is contr-a-r-y" drawling out the word, "tell himshe is not mooch on de marry—too young yet, but all tam she turn tail ob de eye on no account young hunter who is not a chief, or son of a chief. Jus' fool fellow who ma' de songs and sing dem, poet I t'ink you call him. De ol' chief is keen for dat wedding, he needs de presents. Indian queer, de more he have de more he want," with another of his mocking grins, "and he say w'en comes time for spirit lights festival

Silvermoon will be Arrowhead's bride. I s'pose he is not de firs' parent to mak' maistak', nor de las', eh? It was 'bout dis tam o' year,—yes, I t'inkso, and de place it was jus' round here mebbe, an' de whole tribe—and den some (if I learn to talk slang, Celia, lay it on Louis) is on han' for de affair. Dat tam de sky is so full ob shine mos' peoples hide de eye, but Stone Arron he don' do not'ing but show off all he can to let on he ain't scare. He is jomp up in de air and crack his heels, dance till he shake de ground mos' and was lak bull moose to show he don' care a dam for not'ings at all. Silvermoon she don' pay attention, she's busy keeping de eye on de singer ob songs She is fond of de music mebbe, anyway, she can't tear herself 'way from de sound ob it. By and by she speak out kin' ob proud and strong, and say de marry mus' be put off till she come back from pilgrimage she tak' right away quick. 'Way behin' de hills," she say, "de spirits kindle de lights dat fill de sky. Dey call me all de tam, come, dey call come, come Silvermoon. . So I go. Me, I will go to Stone Arrow's lodge, but not now, because I go to de hills, and behin' de hills, and see wit' my own eyes de firs' leetle fire kindle and flame," she says, "and de w'ile night seems to wrap her like beeg sof' blanket, and w'en de flame cools down and goes out, den will I, Silvermoon, feel in de pile of w'ite ashes, and fin' de gift that will keep de heart young and de body beautiful forever and ever. Silvermoon goes alone, none must follow or come after."

The old story of the crock of gold at the end of the rainbow, Celia, only it

Continued on page 305.

Here nature seizes your imagination with her pageants of color



Sleep—not the coy, long coming, short staying sleep—but a dominant thing pursues you, and lays you in her poppy beds as the late shadows lengthen over the lake

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

Letter from a French-Canadian

THAT not all of the French speaking Canadians are Nationalists of the Bourassa type goes without saying. Quebec has sent hundreds of her French speaking sons to the trenches in defense of the Empire and her Allies. But even so it always will be a regrettable phase of our war history that marks the decided difference in sentiment between the Bourassans and the true Canadians of French extraction. One of the best examples of this is to be found in the Bourassa family. Henri Bourassa has done everything in his power to prevent the French speaking citizens of Quebec from enlisting in the cause of the Empire. His own cousin, Captain Talbot M. Papineau, on the other hand put aside a promising career in the law to don the khaki and has won his D. S. O., by his brilliant work in Flanders with the Canadian men. When Captain Papineau, therefore, writes back to his cousin Bourassa from the trenches in an attempt to show the cousin the error of his ways, true Canadians certainly will be interested in his words. We quote from Captain Papineau's letter to Bourassa as it appeared in a recent issue of the *Montreal Herald*.

"Very possibly nothing that I could have said in August, 1914, would have caused you to change your opinions, but I did hope that as events developed, and as the great national opportunity of Canada became clearer to all her citizens, you would have been influenced to modify your views and to adopt a different attitude. In that hope I have been disappointed. Deeply involved as the honor and the very national existence of Canada has become, beautiful but terrible as her sacrifices have been, you and you alone of the leaders of Canadian thought appear to have remained unmoved, and your unhappy views unchanged.

"Nor can I altogether abandon the hope—presumptuous, no doubt, but friendly and well-intentioned—that I may so express myself here as to give you a new outlook and a different purpose, and perhaps even win you to the support of a principle which has been proved to be dearer to many Canadians than life itself.

"I shall consider the grounds upon which you base your opposition to Canadian participation in this more than European—in this world war. Rather, I wish to begin by pointing out some reasons why, on the contrary, your whole-hearted support might have been expected.

"And the first reason is this. By the declaration of war by Great Britain upon Germany, Canada became *ipso facto* a belligerent, subject to invasion and conquest, her property at sea subject to capture, her coasts subject to bombardment or attack, her citizens in enemy territory subject to imprisonment or detention. This is not a matter of opinion—it is a matter of fact—a question of international law. No arguments of yours at least could have persuaded the Kaiser to the contrary. Whatever your views or theories may be as to the future constitutional development of Canada, and in those views I believe I coincide to a large extent, the fact remains that at the time of the outbreak of war Canada was a possession of the British Empire, and as such as much involved in the war as any county in England, and from the German point of view and the point of view of international law equally subject to all its pains and penalities. Indeed, proof may, no doubt, be made that one of the very purposes of German aggression and German military preparedness was the ambition to secure a part, if not the whole, of the English possessions in North America.

John Bull, London

The Spirit of Conquest

Shade of Kitchener—"*That* way, my lad, I am *still* with you!"

"That being so, surely it was idle and pernicious to continue an academic discussion as to whether the situation was a just one or not, as to whether Canada should or should not have had a voice in ante-bellum, English diplomacy or in the actual declaration of war. Such a discussion may very properly arise upon a successful conclusion of the war, but so long as national issues are being decided in Prussian fashion, that is, by an appeal to the power of might, the liberties of discussion which you enjoyed by virtue of British citizenship were necessarily curtailed and any resulting decisions utterly valueless. If ever there was a time for action, and not for theories, it was to be found in Canada upon the outbreak of war.

"Let us presume, for the sake of argument, that your attitude had also been adopted by the Government and people of Canada, and that we had declared our intention to abstain from active participation in the war until Canada herself was actually attacked. What would have resulted? One of two things. Either the Allies would have been defeated, or they would not have been defeated. In the former case Canada would have been called upon either to surrender unconditionally to German domination or to have attempted a resistance against German arms.

"You I feel sure would have preferred resistance but as a proper corrective to such a preference I would prescribe a moderate dose of trench bombardment I have known my own dogmas to be seriously disturbed in the midst of a

1917 Announcement

WE have no startling announcement to make for 1917. We are proud to say that the 1916 Gray Dort has exceeded even our expectations. We expected great things of this wonderful car. We KNEW the Gray Dort was the real car—no matter what price. To-day hundreds of motorists are fellow enthusiasts with us in our admiration of this exceptional car. The Gray Dort has taken Canada by storm.

GRAY DORT $885

ADDED REFINEMENTS

The Same Tremendous Power and Strength—
Greater Luxury of Comfort and Appearance

EVEN GREATER VALUE

We couldn't improve on the wonderful Planche motor—that veritable giant of power in the Gray Dort. The sturdy, rugged heavy frame stood the severest tests. Mechanically the Gray Dort was, and is correct. In the searching investigation we did not find a Gray Dort owner who was not enthusiastically satisfied—even amazed—with the performance of his car.

We have added some final refinements to the car—made it bigger and it is now the roomiest car at anywhere near the price. A larger windshield—an ammeter—dashlight—robe-rail and footrail—in every way the sturdiest and most mechanically perfect car is now the most refined and comfortable car.

Read the specifications. Remember that in three days motor experts bought up the entire 1916 output of this car.

F. O. B. CHATHAM

Motor—Gray Dort, 4 cylinder, cast en bloc, L-head type, bore 3¼ in., stroke 5 in., speed 2000 R.P.M., horsepower 28. Cast iron removable heads. Carter Carburator. Thermo-syphon cooling, oil pump and splash lubrication. Westinghouse two unit starting and lighting system. Connecticut battery ignition. 12 inch cone clutch. Three speed and reverse selective transmission. Universal joint. Gasoline tank under cowl. Heavy Duty front axle. ⅝ floating rear axle, with Hyatt High Duty bearings. 10 inch internal expanding and external contracting brakes. Pressed steel frame. Springs—front 37 in. elliptic, rear 50 in. full cantilever. Left-hand drive. Ball irreversible worm and nut type steering wheel. Gear shift lever centre control. Emergency brake, right pedal. Service brake, clutch pedal. Accelerator pedal. Spark and throttle control on steering wheel. Artillery type wood wheels. Detroit demountable rims, 30 x 3½. Dunlop tires. Non-skid rear. Westinghouse electric lighting. Linoleum on cowl, running board. Lock garnish bracket. Dash light, ammeter, robe-rail, footrest. Rear vision windshield, one-man top, tonneau, equipment complete.

Wheel Base—105 inches. Weight—2100 pounds

Gray Dort Motors, Ltd.
Chatham, Ontario

German artillery concentration. I can assure you that the further you travel from Canada and the nearer you approach the great military power of Germany, the less do you value the unaided strength of Canada. By the time you are fifteen yards off a German army and know yourself to be holding about one yard out of a line of five hundred miles or more, you are liable to be inquiring very anxiously about the presence and power of British and French forces. Your ideas about charging to Berlin or of ending the war would also have undergone some slight moderation.

"No, my dear cousin, I think you would, shortly after the defeat of the Allies, have been more worried over the mastery of the German consonants than you are even now over a conflict with the Ontario Anti-bi-linguists. Or I can imagine you an unhappy exile in Tierra del Fuego, eloquently comparing the wrongs of Quebec and Alsace."

Captain Papineau dismisses the possibility of Canada's receiving assistance from the United States with the following:

"Nevertheless we are not dealing with what may occur in the future but with the actual facts of yesterday and to-day, and I would fain know if you still think that a power which without protest witnesses the ruthless spoilation of Belgium and Servia, and without effective action the murder of her own citizens would have interfered to protect the property or the liberties of Canadians. Surely you must at least admit an element of doubt, and even if such interference had been attempted, have we not the admission of the Americans themselves that it would not have been successful against the great naval and military organizations of the Central Powers.

"May I be permitted to conclude that, had the Allies been defeated, Canada must afterwards necessarily have suffered a similar fate.

"But there was the other alternative, namely, that the Allies even without the assistance of Canada would not have been defeated. What then? Presumably French and English would still have been the official languages in Canada. You might still have edited untrammeled your version of Duty, and Colonel Lavergne might still, publicly and without the restraining fear of death or imprisonment, have spoken seditiously (I mean from the Prussian point of view of course). In fact Canada might still have retained her liberties and might with the same freedom from external influences have continued her progress to material and political strength.

"But would you have been satisfied —you who have arrogated to yourself the high term of Nationalist? What of the Soul of Canada? Can a nation's pride or patriotism be built upon the blood and suffering of others or upon the wealth garnered from the coffers of those who in anguish and with blood-sweat are fighting the battles of freedom? If we accept our liberties our national life, from the hands of the English soldiers, if without sacrifices of our own we profit by the sacrifices of the English citizen, can we hope to ever become a nation ourselves? How could we ever acquire that Soul or create that Pride without which a nation is a dead thing and doomed to speedy decay and disappearance?

"If you were truly a Nationalist—if you loved our great country and, without smallness, longed to see her become the home of a good and united people—surely you would have recognized this as her moment of travail and tribulation. You would have felt that in the agony of her losses in Belgium and France, Canada was suffering the birth pains of her national life. There even more than in Canada herself, her citizens are being knit together into a new existence because when men stand side by side and endure a soldier's life and face together a soldier's death, they are united in bonds almost as strong as the closest of blood ties.

"There was the great opportunity of the true Nationalist! There was the great issue, the great sacrifice, which should have appealed equally to all true citizens of Canada, and should have served to cement them with indissoluble strength. Canada was at war! Canada was attacked! What mattered then internal dissentions and questions of home importance. What war, whether we owed anything to

L. Raven-Hill in Punch, London

A German Holiday

"Please, sir, what is this holiday for?"
"Because our Zeppelins have conquered England."
"Have they brought us back any bread?"
"Don't ask silly questions. Wave your flag."

New Prices August 1, 1916

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916

Chassis	**$450.00**
Runabout . . .	**475.00**
Touring Car . .	**495.00**
Coupelet . . .	**695.00**
Town Car . . .	**780.00**
Sedan	**890.00**

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.

Ford Motor Company of Canada
Limited
Ford, Ontario

Assembly and Service Branches at St John, N B.: Montreal, Que ; Toronto, Ont.: London, Ont ; Winnipeg, Man.: Saskatoon, Sask.: Calgary, Alta., and Vancouver, B C.

Star, Montreal

An Object-Lesson in Preparedness

What the Kaiser Respects

England or not, whether we were imperialists or not, or whether we were French or English? The one simple commanding fact to govern our conduct was that Canada was at war and Canada and Canadian liberties had to be protected.

"To you as a 'Nationalist' this fact should have appealed more than to any others. Englishmen, as was natural, returned to fight for England, just as Germans and Austrians and Belgians and Italians returned to fight for their native lands.

"But we, Canadians, had we no call just as insistent, just as compelling to fight for Canada? Did not the Leipsig and the Gneisnau possibly menace Victoria and Vancouver, and did you not feel the patriotism to make sacrifices for the protection of British Columbia? How could you otherwise call yourself Canadian? It is true that Canada did not hear the roar of German guns, nor were we visited at night by the murderous Zeppelins, but every shot that was fired in Belgium or France was aimed as much at the heart of Canada as at the bodies of our brave Allies. Could we then wait within the temporary safety of our distant shores until either the Central Powers flushed with victory should come to settle their account or until, by the glorious death of millions of our fellowmen in Europe, Canada should remain in inglorious security and a shameful liberty?

"I give thanks that that question has been answered, not as you would have had it answered, but as those Canadians who have already died or are about to die here in this gallant motherland of France have answered it."

Continuing Captain Papineau discussed the French Canadian issue in straight-from-the-shoulder fashion:

"You and I are so-called French-Canadians. We belong to a race that began the conquest of this country long before the days of Wolfe. That race was in its turn conquered, but their personal liberties were not restricted. They were in fact increased. Ultimately as a minority in a great English speaking community we have preserved our racial identity, and we have had freedom to speak or to worship as we wished. I may not be, like yourself, 'un pur sang,' for I am by birth ever more English than French, but I am proud of my French ancestors; I love the French language, and I am as determined as you are that we shall have full liberty to remain French as long as we like. But if we are to preserve this liberty we must recognize that we do not belong entirely to ourselves but to a mixed population, we must rather seek to find points of contact and of common interest than points of friction and separation. We must make concessions and certain sacrifices of our distinct individuality if we mean to live on amicable terms with our fellow citizens, or if we are to expect them to make similar concessions to us. There in this moment of crisis was the greatest opportunity which could ever have presented itself for us to show unity of purpose and to prove to our English fellow citizens that whatever our respective histories may have been we were actuated by a common love for our country and a mutual wish that in the future we should unite our distinctive talents and energies to create a proud and happy nation.

"That was an opportunity which you, my cousin, have failed to grasp, and unfortunately despite the heroic and able manner in which French-Canadians have distinguished themselves here and despite the wholehearted support which so many leaders of French-Canadian thought have given to the cause, yet the fact remains that the French in Canada have not responded in the same proportion as have other Canadian citizens, and the unhappy impression has been created that French-Canadians are not bearing their full share in this great Canadian enterprise. For this fact and this impression you will be held largely responsible. Do you fully realize what such a responsibility will mean not so much to you personally for that I believe you would care little but to the principles which you have advocated, and for many of which I have but the deepest regard. You will have brought them into a disrepute from which they may never recover. Already you have made the term of Nationalist to stink—in the nostrils of our English fellow citizens. Have you caused them to respect your national views? Have you won their admiration or led them to consider with esteem and toleration your ambitions for the French language? Have you shown yourself worthy of concession or consideration?

"After this war what influence will you enjoy—what good to your country will you be able to accomplish? Wherever you go you will stir up strife and enmity—you will bring distavor and dishonor upon our race so that whoever bears a French name in Canada will be an object of suspicion and possibly of hatred.

"Those of us in this great army who may be so fortunate as to return to our Canada will have faced the grimmest and sincerest issues of life and

Novi Satirikon, Petrograd

The Angel of Peace

As the Germans still imagine it will come to them.

And as it will really come to them.

death; we will have experienced the unhappy strength of brute force; we will have seen our loved comrades die in blood and suffering. Beware lest we return with revengeful feelings, for I say to you that for those who, while we fought and suffered here, remained in safety and comfort in Canada and failed to give us encouragement and support, as well as for those who grew fat with the wealth dishonorably gained by political graft and by dishonest business methods at our expense—we shall demand a heavy day of reckoning. We shall inflict upon them the punishment they deserve—not by physical violence, for we shall have had enough of that, nor by unconstitutional or illegal means, for we are fighting to protect, not to destroy, justice and freedom—but by the invincible power of our moral influence.

Can you ask us, then, for sympathy or concession? Will any listen when you speak of pride and patriotism? I think not.

"Remember, too, that if Canada has become a nation respected and self-respecting, she owes it to her citizens who have fought and died in this distant land and not to those self-styled Nationalists who have remained at home.

"At this moment as I write French and English-Canadians are fighting and dying side by side. Is their sacrifice to go for nothing, or will it not cement a foundation for a true Canadian nation—a Canadian nation independent in thought, independent in action, independent even in its political organization—but in spirit united for high international and humane purposes to the two Motherlands of England and France?

"I think that is an ideal in which we shall all equally share. Can we not all play an equal part in its realization?"

A Fine Example

THE experiments in connection with a gratuitous pension system adopted by the Swift-Canadian Company, which has a big packing plant at Edmonton, will be watched with interest, says the Bulletin of that city. The pensions are purely voluntary, the employees making no contributions to them. The plan will reach more than two thousand employees. After 25 years' continuous service, men aged sixty-five and women aged sixty-five will be pensioned at half the average salary for the five years preceding retirement. For the same length of service pensions may be paid to men at sixty and women at fifty years of age. Employees of from fifteen to twenty-five years' continuous service may be pensioned, if permanently incapacitated, at a rate based on length of service. The minimum

Useful Preserving Hints

Here's the Way to Succeed in Jam or Jelly Making

1° Use ripe, but not over-ripe fruit.

2° Buy St. Lawrence Red Diamond Extra-Granulated Sugar. It is guaranteed pure Sugar-Cane Sugar, and free from foreign substances which might prevent jellies from setting, and might cause preserves to ferment.

3° Cook well.

4° Clean your jars perfectly, and also sterilize them by boiling for at least 10 minutes. Then pour in the preserves or jelly.

Success will surely follow the observance of these hints.

We advise purchasing the Red Diamond Extra Granulated in the 100 lb. bags which as a rule is the most economical way and assures absolutely correct weight

Dealers can supply the Red Diamond in either fine, medium, or coarse grain at your choice.

Many other handy refinery sealed packages to choose from.

St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries Limited

Montreal

SAVE
YOUR
MONEY

FOR THE

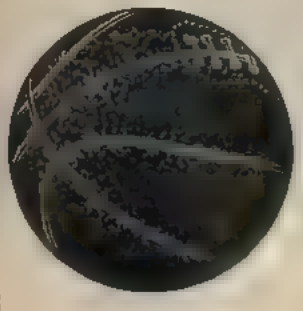
DOMINION WAR LOAN

TO BE ISSUED IN SEPTEMBER.

By purchasing a bond you will help to WIN THE WAR and obtain for yourself an investment of the highest class yielding a most attractive rate of interest.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE
OTTAWA.

THIS DANDY FOOTBALL FREE



BE THE FIRST BOY IN YOUR LOCALITY TO GET IT

Send Me a Post Card To-Day telling me your name and address and that you would like to have one of these strong, well sewed, Soccer Footballs I will send you full information by return mail about how you can secure this and other attractive articles such as Baseballs, Gloves, Mitts, Bats, Kodaks, Wrist Watches, etc. Be sure to send the post card to-day.

R. G. TOBIN, Manager, 135 Mail Building, Toronto, Ont.

pension is $240, and the maximum $5,000. The widow and children of an eligible employee will receive half the pension to which he is entitled. The scheme will be watched with interest by students of modern sociological development, and will doubtless afford valuable guidance for the old-age pension scheme which is one of the planks of the Liberal party.

Misuse of National Anthem

WAR has given a deeper significance to the national emblem and to the national anthem, and the Toronto Globe says:

The tune of "God Save the King" ought not to be played, and ought not to be allowed to be played, anywhere in Canada as part of a medley of airs that have no national significance

It is the anthem of the Canadian nation. It is the anthem of the British Empire. In these days of crisis and sacrifice the chords of its music vibrate with sentiments the very highest and with thoughts and feelings the most profoundly holy. To the British millions the world over it means more to-day than it ever meant in all the past. To every loyal Canadian the sound of its music inevitably and very reverently suggests all that is heroic and holy, and all that is tragic and terrible, for Canada and for Canadian soldiers, in the training camps and trenches and battlefronts of the war.

The playing of the National Anthem as part of a jingling medley of meaningless ditties, to tickle the ears of dining room guests in a hotel, or to fill up the interlude between acts in a theatre, or for any other trivial purpose, is a desecration that ought to be forbidden by good management or publicly resented by good taste and good patriotism.

The Casement Case

CANADIAN comment upon the execution of Roger Casement shows an almost unanimous opinion that justice was done. The general sentiment is thus summed up by the Farmer's Telegram.

Certainly there is nothing in the state of Ireland at present to excuse rebellion, which is morally justifiable only as a remedy for desperate evils that can be cured in no other way The three hundred people who were killed in the streets of Dublin were innocent of any wrong-doing and were entitled to the protection of the law. A government that would refrain from punishing their murderers would be a government unfit to exist It is true Casement was not actually in Dublin

when the outbreak occurred. His time was spent where he thought he could do more harm. That is to say, he was in Germany procuring arms with which to assassinate his fellow-countrymen and trying to seduce Irish prisoners of war to become renegades. Anyway it is looked at his conduct was despicable as well as treasonable. Let us hope, for the sake of human decency, that he was not a party to the cruelty with which the Germans treated their Irish prisoners. The attempt to make a martyr of Casement failed; the facts are too transparent.

Conscription Impossible

ACCORDING to the Winnipeg Free Press, Conscription is impossible in Canada, and demands for it on the part of Citizens' Recruiting Leagues which have been heard from time to time are useless. The Free Press says:

Attempts to make it appear that Canada has shown slackness in participating in the war are not justified by the record. Up to date three hundred and fifty thousand Canadian men have volunteered for service at the front. Bearing in mind that the Canadians of British stock and descent do not at the outside number five million people, the showing is highly creditable. In Western Canada, taken as a whole, the recruiting has been not only creditable, but nothing short of marvelous. We question the justice of some of the sweeping remarks at the recent meeting about the number of slackers in and about Winnipeg. The man of military age and apparent physical fitness seen upon our streets in civilian clothes is not necessarily a slacker. In many cases, behind the failure to enlist, there are reasons which would be regarded as sufficient by any competent tribunal.

The totals of voluntary enlistment, impressive as they are, would have reached a much higher figure if the Province of Quebec, outside of Montreal, had contributed its due proportion. The men of Quebec, with considerable exceptions of course, have failed to respond to the appeal for reasons which are not creditable to them. The fact is, however, there and must be faced. Is it the idea that under conscription the other provinces would apply force to Quebec and compel the reluctant habitant to join the colors? If so we should have plenty of use for our Canadian army nearer home than the plains of Flanders. Or is it proposed, in the event of conscription, to apply it to the provinces where the quota has practically been supplied and exempt the province which has failed to do its duty?

WORLD FAMOUS

CECILIAN

The unquestioned superiority of the CECILIAN All Metal Climate Proof Player Pianos is the result of 33 years of scientific labor by the cleverest experts in the piano business.

The masterly workmanship in both construction and finish, combined with an incomparable beauty of tone, place these lovely instruments in a class by themselves.

The additional advantage that

"All Cecilian Upright Pianos are CONVERTIBLE"

That is, may be converted into Player Piano by having the Player Action installed at any future time insures all purchasers of these WORLD FAMOUS INSTRUMENTS against loss by exchange should they decide to have a Player later. This one fact means a saving of at least $150.00 on your investment. Write us for particulars and booklet or call at Canadian Headquarters and see and hear for yourself

The CECILIAN COMPANY, Limited
420 Yonge Street, TORONTO
Canadian Factory, 1189 Bathurst St., Toronto.

ESTABLISHED 1883

When the pesky shade won't work

You can be sure it is not a Hartshorn Shade Roller. Hartshorn Improved Rollers move quietly and smoothly at a touch, and stay right where you leave them. Cost a few cents more, but oh, how much better!

FREE Valuable book "How to Get the Best Service from your Shade Rollers". Send for it today and learn why it pays to look when buying shade rollers for this signature:

Made in Canada

Stewart Hartshorn

Stewart Hartshorn Co. Dept. 6, Toronto, Ont.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

La Diva
CORSETS
LA DIVA
SUPER-BONE
CORSETS
¶ This new fashionable and daintily finished corset needs no introduction
¶ The illustration gives some idea of its singular beauty; entirely different to any other corset made.
¶ SUPER-BONE boning is the best boning ever invented.
Flexible as the body itself.
Unbreakable and Non-Rustable.
Perfect-fitting models for every type of figure
Just try a pair and be convinced
DOMINION
CORSET COMPANY
QUEBEC
MONTREAL, TORONTO
CANADA

MADE IN CANADA.

Write TO-DAY for illustrated Booklet "F" describing the various styles and sizes of 'Elite' and "Peerless" Folding Tables. It's FREE.

ON THE VERANDAH

WHAT could be nicer, after a strenuous game, than a table like this on which to serve a cool, refreshing drink out on the verandah. The

ELITE FOLDING TABLE

is always ready when you want it—for lunch—fancywork—or any one of a hundred uses. May be folded up and slipped behind the door when not in use. Well made, yet inexpensive. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him

HOURD & CO., LIMITED.
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers
London, Ont. 3-A

Canada's Part in the War

IN the American Review of Reviews there is an admirable article upon "Canada's Two Years of War and Their Meaning" by Mr. P. T. McGrath, president of the Legislative council of Newfoundland, and well known as a newspaper correspondent. In his introductory paragraph he sums up the situation in these words:

"Two years of war have seen Canada effecting achievements on behalf of the British Empire which not even the most farseeing contemplated when the present world struggle began in August, 1914. She has raised an army now within measurable distance of 500,000 men. She has increased her grain acreage so as to gain the third place among the wheat-producing countries of the world, exceeded only by United States and Russia. Financially she has transformed her situation entirely, becoming a creditor instead of a debtor nation and raising a domestic loan for the first time in her history, as an earnest of her whole-hearted spirit. Industrially, she has expanded enormously and gained a position not easily described in figures, and she has evolved an entirely new pursuit, that of munition-making, which daily grows in magnitude and importance."

He continues to show by comparison that at the end of 1915 Canada had twice as many men fighting overseas as fought for the United States in the war with Spain; by the end of last April a larger force enlisted than Britain used in the whole South African campaign; that her original fighting force was larger than the purely British troops under Wellington at Waterloo; and that her losses at Neuve Chappelle were greater than those sustained by the British troops in their struggle aginst Napoleon. Canada moreover sent over the Atlantic the greatest force ever shipped across a waste of waters in modern times. He reminds his readers that Canada has enlisted, uniformed, equipped, trained, and transported these men at her own cost and is paying, equipping, provisioning, and munitioning them in the field in the same way, though they are fighting 3000 miles from her own shores. Then she is doing all this on a scale truly munificent. The rate of pay for the Canadians—rising upwards from $1.10 a day for the privates—is not alone vastly above that paid by other nations in former wars, but without a parallel now, save in Australia and New Zealand. The British soldier gets about thirty cents and Continental countries pay only a fraction of that.

The dependents of Canadian soldiers also get from the state $20 a month for wives or widowed mothers, similarly well above the allowances made by

Good Tubes-Goodyear Tubes Will Make Good Tires Better

The less trouble you have with your tires and tubes, the greater is your satisfaction, the more complete is motoring pleasure, the longer mileage you receive. Good tires alone will not suffice to give this complete satisfaction. For, however good your tire may be, a leaky tube can cause endless annoyance. And leaky tubes are common! Tubes of poor rubber—rubber containing flaws or foreign matter—allow the air to seep, imperceptibly and slowly, yet none the less surely, through microscopic holes. Thus tire mileage is lost because leaky tubes mean under-inflation and tire abuse, or else the unnecessary annoyance of frequent inflation.

To make tubes leakproof, to provide unqualified tire satisfaction, Goodyear invented the laminated tube

Goodyear Tubes Are Made Leakproof By Lamination

Lamination is a process of extra safeguard, an added inspection employed by Goodyear to guard against foreign matter.

Despite the extra cost of this additional process Goodyear refuses to discard it. For by employing laminated construction Goodyear can offer you the really leakproof tube.

Ordinary tubes are made from a single sheet of rubber of the desired thickness, where it is impossible to detect the tiny particles of foreign matter that escape the washing machine—reducing tube thickness, and so causing air-seepage

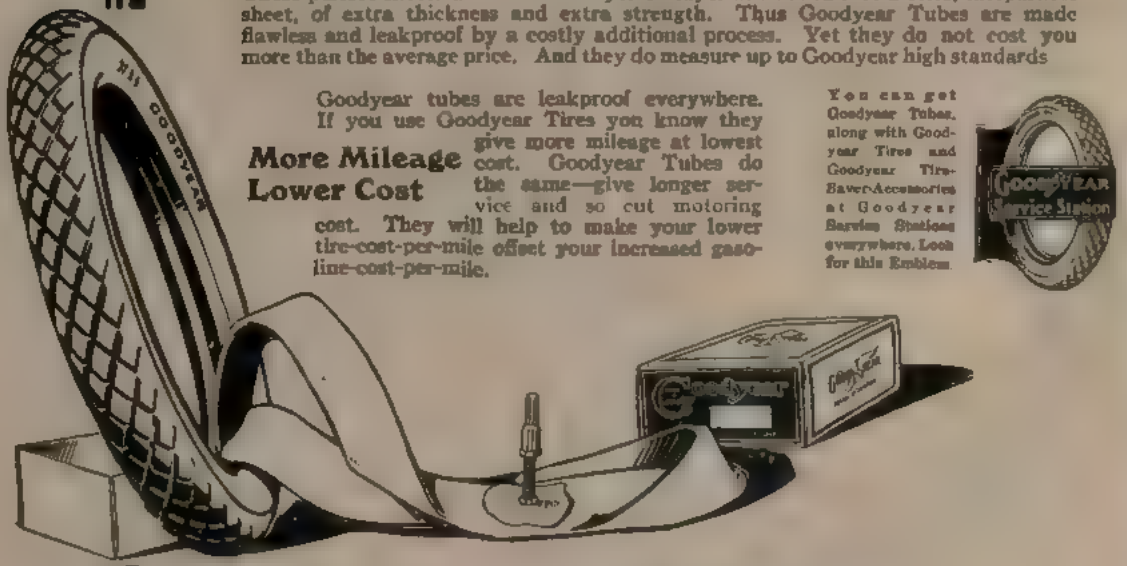
Goodyear Tubes go through an extra process. The washed rubber is passed through heavy rollers which roll it into thin sheets—thinner than the paper you hold, as transparent as tissue paper. Thus the expert is enabled to detect and remove the minutest grains of dust, sand, or wood.

These perfect sheets are then laid layer on layer and rolled into a solid, inseparable sheet, of extra thickness and extra strength. Thus Goodyear Tubes are made flawless and leakproof by a costly additional process. Yet they do not cost you more than the average price. And they do measure up to Goodyear high standards

More Mileage Lower Cost

Goodyear tubes are leakproof everywhere. If you use Goodyear Tires you know they give more mileage at lowest cost. Goodyear Tubes do the same—give longer service and so cut motoring cost. They will help to make your lower tire-cost-per-mile offset your increased gasoline-cost-per-mile.

You can get Goodyear Tubes, along with Goodyear Tires and Goodyear Tire-Saver-Accessories at Goodyear Service Stations everywhere. Look for this Emblem



GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA
TUBES

10 Pounds
of Happiness
in these Tins of
CROWN BRAND
CORN SYRUP
10 pounds of deliciousness, when eaten on Griddle Cakes, Waffles, Muffins, Hot Biscuits or good wholesome Bread.
10 pounds of goodness, too, because "Crown Brand" is a nourishing, body-building food.
10 pounds of economy, when used in making Gingerbread, Puddings and Sweet Sauces.
10 pounds of happiness, when converted into home-made Candy to delight the children.
Your dealer has "Crown Brand" in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins—
THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, CARDINAL, BRANTFORD, FORT WILLIAM.
Our new recipe book—"Desserts and Candies"—shows many new and happy uses for "Crown Brand". Write for a copy, to our Montreal Office.
Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup — Benson's Corn Starch—and "Silver Gloss" Laundry Starch.
223W

Prosperity in Canada
$900,000,000
in New Wealth Added in 1915
Enormous Crops and Low Taxation Make Farmers Rich

CANADA, enjoying wonderful prosperity from the products of the farm, the orchard, and the centers of industry—Canada has come into her own. No country wrote a brighter page of history in agricultural and industrial development during 1915 than Canada. Nearly a billion bushels of grain produced. All industrial plants working overtime. Wheat average, 36.16 bushels per acre in Alberta; 28.75 bushels per acre in Saskatchewan; 28.50 bushels per acre in Manitoba. (Last Provincial figures available.) All other grains showed similar large yields per acre. Taxes average $24 per quarter section; should not exceed $35.

Come and Get Your Share of This Prosperity

Come to Western Canada, now in the height of the greatest wealth-producing era the Dominion has ever known. Free schools and full religious liberty. Good climate. World renowned livestock. Prizes won at International Fairs prove this.

The Canadian Pacific Gives You Twenty Years to Pay

if you wish. An immense area of the most fertile land in Western Canada for sale at low prices and on easy terms, ranging from $11 to $30 an acre for farm lands with ample rainfall—irrigated lands from $35, and the government guarantees your land and water titles. Balance after first payment extended over nineteen years with interest at 6 per cent. Privilege of paying in full at any time.

$2000 Loan in Improvements. We will lend money up to $2000 on improvements in certain districts with no security other than the land itself. Particulars on request. Twenty years for repayment of loan, with interest at 6 per cent.

$1000 Loan for Livestock. To approved purchasers of land in defined districts after one year's occupation under certain conditions we advance cattle, sheep and hogs to farmers up to the value of $1000.

Ready-Made Farms for Sale. Farms which we have developed by providing house, barn, well and fencing and in some cases cultivation, for sale. Special easy terms.

If You Already Have a Farm in Western Canada, here is your opportunity to increase it or to secure your friends as neighbors. For particulars and literature apply to

ALLAN CAMERON, General Superintendent of Lands,
Department of Natural Resources
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
20 Ninth Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta

European countries, except the British, and Canada again supplements this by the generosity of the Canadian people, who have raised a Patriotic Fund for this purpose — the contributions to which, from the beginning of the war up to the end of April last, or for twenty one months, amounted to $10,327,000, of which over seven million dollars had been disbursed, the remainder being required for the rest of the current year; and for which another ten million dollars will be required in 1917 if the war continues. For a country so young as Canada, with comparatively few wealthy men, this is especially noteworthy."

Anzacs Undying Story

A COMPANION article to Mr. McGrath's is one by Fred S. Alford who shows what Australia has done. He refers to the brilliant exploits of the Australian navy, and points oot that Australia had a great initial advantage over other British dominions in that her compulsory military service act went into effect in 1911. Her first expeditionary force of 20,000 men left Australia in November, 1914 and completed training in Egypt. He reviews the imperishable record of the Australians and New Zealanders at the Dardanelles. Of this it is enough to say that the casualties on the Gallipoli among the Australians were 41,524 Up to date about 200,000 Anzacs have gone to the front, and nobody needs to be told that the incomparable reputation won against the Turks has been maintained in France and Flanders Of the character of the Anzac army the writer says:

CHARACTER OF THE AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

Critics say there is no discipline in an Australian army. From the continental standpoint there is not. Australians obey orders promptly and intelligently, but retain their individuality. General Birdwood delights in relating experiences characteristic of the men of Anzas. An English colonel of the old school once complained that the Australians did not show him proper respect "That is nothing," replied General Birdwood; "they seldom salute me either. One day, when on the rounds of inspection, I passed a burly Queenslander on sentry duty who stared at me with nonchalant interest without saluting. Just then a shell came screaming over, and the Queenslander, turning quickly to me, cried warningly: 'Duck your blamed head, Birdie !'" "And what did you do ?" inquired the Colonel, aghast, anticipating an account of a summary courtmartial. "Why, I ducked my blamed head, of course," was the smiling reply of the distinguished General.

Glorious deeds of individual bravery

and thrilling episodes at Anzac would fill volumes, but one thing stands out alone: that was the fortitude and cheerfulness of wounded Anzacs. They died smiling, often with the words of their war-song on their lips, "Australia will be there." Famous surgeons and war correspondents with experience of other fronts met nothing like it before. In an inspiring poem, London Punch gave tribute to the Anzacs as "the bravest thing God ever made." The Australian is described by competent judges as the finest soldier in the world. Clean-cut, of magnificent physique, extraordinary endurance, and ever cool and resourceful, he is in a class by himself. He is grim and determined in combat and a big, merry, overgrown boy in relaxation with a fine capacity for enjoying the best of life.

The Great Naval Victory

LORD SYDENHAM, one of the greatest living naval authorities has this to say in the contemporary review about the great naval battle in the Skagerrack:—

The battle of Horn Reef could not, in the circumstances, be a second Trafalgar; but it has proved that ship for ship and man for man the German navy is not equal to our own. It has ended all hope of breaking the blockade or of invasion, which was always impracticable unless naval superiority in the North Sea could be wrested from us. It leaves us relatively stronger than before, and gives to the Russians, for a time at least, the control of the Baltic, with fresh opportunities, which they will turn to account. So long as the High Seas Fleet declined to be tempted into blue water, imagination could invest it with any attributes that fancy might suggest and its chiefs with unfathomable designs fraught with surprises capable of altering the conditions of naval war. That is all over, and to numerical superiority has been added the indefinable sense of moral superiority which only a great battle could confer.

D&A
GOOD SHAPE
BRASSIERES
A very dainty piece of lingerie, designed to impart beauty and grace
D & A Good Shape Brassieres
are regarded as the last word in luxurious lingerie. They have the style, beauty and elegance so essential in these garments
Ask your Corsetiere to show you our new creations
DOMINION CORSET COMPANY
QUEBEC Toronto
Makers of the Celebrated D & A Corsets

More Sheep Farming Wanted

IN the opinion of many Western journals the West offers great opportunities to the sheep farmer which have been too long neglected, and the Calgary Times-Telegram preaches a sermon upon the subject as follows:—

For the stack of wool in the Horse Show building on Saturday, a United States firm cheerfully handed out $85,000, a sum well worth considering these days, even by farmers. From this sale, therefore, the question arrives: "Why should Canada, with its boundless areas of undeveloped land, be under the necessity of importing its supplies of wool and mutton when sheep can undoubtedly be raised with profit not only in connection with mixed farming, but as well under conditions where cultivation of land or the grazing of other animals is impossible?" Yet, in 1913, the imports of sheep in Canada from the United States for slaughter totalled 211,622 head, and the following year the imports were 131,931. The same years the imports of wool amounted in all to 18,103,201 pounds, and there seems to be no good reason why this should not have been an export as well as an import.

The advantages of sheep raising are many, and there is no doubt but that it will become more of a business from now on. The sheep is a dual purpose animal, producing both wool and mutton, and on a flock the initial expenditure is small. Every farmer can well afford the investment of the necessary capital in a few sheep, particularly when the monetary returns are rapid, the wool clip and the lamb crop being saleable annually. Expensive buildings are by no means necessary; and as for feed sheep will eat and relish almost every class of weed. As a matter of fact, the weed problem in Alberta would not be such a thorn in the side of the Hon. Duncan Marshall if there were more sheep in the province All things considered, therefore, there

The Land of Fishing Thrills

A Sportsman's Paradise where the cool waters of

Wild, Unspoiled Lakes and Rivers

Give the salmon and speckled trout and gamy black bass fighting qualities to delight the most ardent angler, making

ALGONQUIN PARK, (Ontario)

A Vacation Territory to Dream About. It offers canoe trips through myriads of waterways, with ideal camping grounds among forests of pines and balsams

2000 Feet Above the Sea

Fine accommodations for those who love the social side of resort life can be had at Highland Inn at Algonquin Park Station, or in the novel and comfortable Log Camps Nominigan and Minnesing.

Handsomely illustrated advertising matter and full information supplied free on application to C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto, or J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

CANADIAN NORTHERN

ALL THE WAY

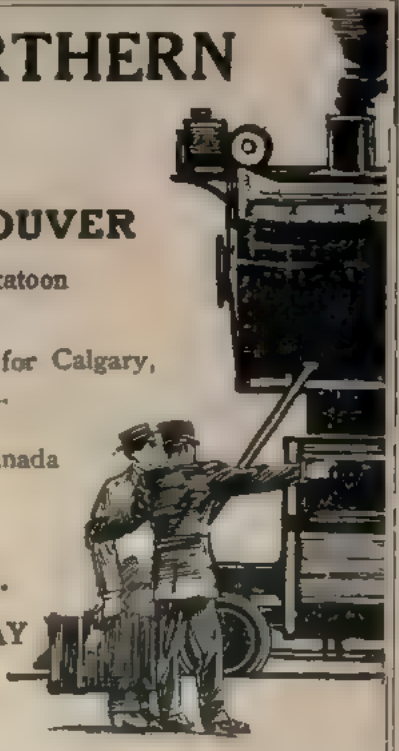
[redacted]

TORONTO AND VANCOUVER

Via Port Arthur, Fort William, Saskatoon and Edmonton.

Connections at Winnipeg Union Station, for Calgary, Prince Albert, Regina, Brandon.

And all important points in Western Canada and The Pacific Coast.



LEAVE TORONTO 10.45 P.M.

MONDAY WEDNESDAY FRIDAY

All Modern Equipment.
Reliable Express Service.

Through tickets to all points and berth reservations from Local Agent, or write to General Passenger Department, 68 King Street, E., Toronto, Ont., or Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.

are numerous reasons to be advanced as to why sheep raising as an industry should be well considered. That $85,000 sale of Saturday, too, should prove a strong temptation.

Paper Prices Advance

THERE is not a newspaper in Canada and the United States that has not been affected by the increase in price of print paper. Some big American publications have already announced a considerable reduction in size. The public, however, may not realize how the situation will react upon newspaper readers, and the following article in the Guelph Herald is timely.

For some time past a somewhat serious situation has confronted the newspaper publishers of Canada and the United States, due to the fact that consumption of what is known as "print paper" has increased beyond the production and unless something is done at once to relieve the situation there will be a paper famine.

In Canada, with all its wood pulp, this seems rather a strange occurrence, but there is a constant drain on the Canadian manufacturers for all the paper they can spare for the U. S. and foreign markets, and this has led not only to very heavy advances in the price of paper, but to difficulty in securing large supplies—so much so that occasionally is heard a demand that export of paper from Canada be prohibited.

Across the border the situation is naturally worse. Recently the publishers of the New York papers held a conference and agreed to reduce the size of their papers so that there will be a big saving. They also decided to cut off all return privileges from news dealers, so as to eliminate the waste of the past.

An appeal has been sent out to every newspaper to save space in every possible way, to cut down the size of papers and to reduce the consumption so that the reserve supply may be restored.

In the meantime newspaper publishers are being forced to pay very high prices for paper. Where it could be bought last year for less than two cents, the price to-day is four and a half and even five cents, with nearly every mill refusing to make any quotation because the output is under contract.

The public does not realize what such an increase on price means to the publisher. It simply makes absolutely necessary drastic action in every direction. Increases in subscription rates, in advertising rates and a reduction in the size of newspapers are likely to be general. In some cases the increase in the cost of paper will force suspension.

Nature's Pot of Gold

Continued from page 161.

goes our legend one better. What living human wouldn't rather find what would keep her a glad glorious young thing forever than all the crocks of gold imaginable? Just so—I had nearly said b'gosh.

"Mebbe ol' chief t'ink a leetle ob dem ashes good for him—he's gettin' mighty stiff—for he lets her go. Stone Arrow mak' to go too, but she shak' de head and say, 'No one mus' come wit' me or follow after,' an' looks at de singer ob songs. Sure 'nough she is gone. De year gets old, an' oder years come and go but no Silvermoon. Mebbe she lose herself, I dunno."

To my surprise, it is Peter the married man who answers. It is not like him to pay any heed to wilderness tales. "She trekked with the poet chap if you ask me," he remarked.

"But she say no one mus' follow after," Louis reminds him.

"He likely cut on ahead, and trimmed a path for her," scoffs Peter.

When Louis is tickled foolish over anything his nose has a habit of twisting clear around to visit with his cheek. It does this now.

"I hope so," I cried, "and that, together, they found the beautiful thing they sought."

"They found each other, that's all," argues Peter.

"Same t'ing, mebbe," mused Louis. "Kin' ob hard on Stone Arrow t'ough, who is short on wives 'bout dat tam. He say if any more ob his squaws get de fever to mak de pilgrimage behin' de hills w'ere de spirits fires be kindled he will cure her wit' kin'ness and a dam good licking b'gosh!"

I daresay Louis' swear words will shock you—they wouldn't if you heard the delicious old rascal say them. But no more at present. Of Louis' philosophy—the fish which Peter caught and exhibited so proudly every night upon his return to camp—of the other wonders of the wood, I will tell you in my next epistle. I'm too sleepy for another line. A strange thing about the big wastes, the woods and the waters of Algonquin Park is that you find it impossible to "work on your nerves" as we say at home, meaning use up our reserve power. No need to try it here your nerves realize they re on a holiday and go off and hide themselves. Your will power goes to hunt them—and never comes back till daylight does appear and by the enthusiasm of it you know it has been carolling all night, "We won t go home 'till morning". Not that it matters for sleep, not the coy, long coming, short staying sleep you used to coax to keep you company, lured by many Dianas to give you a call, but a dominant thing which pur-

A dandy story is being told and there's lots of fun—for all but one. She can't enjoy the story or the company—a foolish little corn ruins the party for her. If she only had used Blue-jay!—she could have worn her dainty party shoes with comfort, and enjoyed the whole evening.

Corns must give way before the attack of these wonderful, inexpensive little plasters. 91 per cent of all corns go with the first application. The stubborn 9 per cent vanish with the second or third. Other measures are but temporary, and some of them, such as paring with a razor, are positively dangerous. You will enjoy your next party if you use the simple, safe, efficient Blue-jay Corn Plasters.

15 and 25 cents At Druggists — BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. — Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

THE
Canadian Bank of Commerce
HEAD OFFICE - - TORONTO

CAPITAL $15,000,000 REST $13,500,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., *President*

JOHN AIRD, *General Manager*

H. V. F. JONES, *Assistant General Manager*

V. C. BROWN, *Superintendent of Central Western Branches*

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA, AND IN LONDON, ENGLAND; ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND; THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of $1 00 and upwards. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of the number.

Accounts can be opened and operated by mail as easily as by a personal visit to the bank.

"Find the Idea of a Tire's Origin and You Will Have Some Idea of Why It Succeeds."—Handy Andy.

The traction engine was made to grip.

So was Dunlop Traction Tread.

Nothing has yet taken the place of the traction engine for long continuous service.

We don't think any other tire will ever take the place of Dunlop Traction Tread for the same function.

DUNLOP TREAD
SEAL OF QUALITY
TRACTION

In a certain sense Dunlop Traction Tread is larger than Canada. "Traction's" fame is limitless Near imitations are to be found in nearly every country where automobiling is in vogue. Men have written from various portions of the world seeking the agency for their territory. "Traction" holds the only transcontinental tire record ever made in Canada It has never been known to fail as a skid-resister. It has made it possible for punctures to be a forgotten evil. It has driven out the dust nuisance. It has made automobiling by women more general. It has given men all over the country a new idea of mileage. In short, Dunlop Traction Tread, since its introduction in 1911, has popularized motoring and, for the first time in the history of the motor car, has made Safety a Certainty.

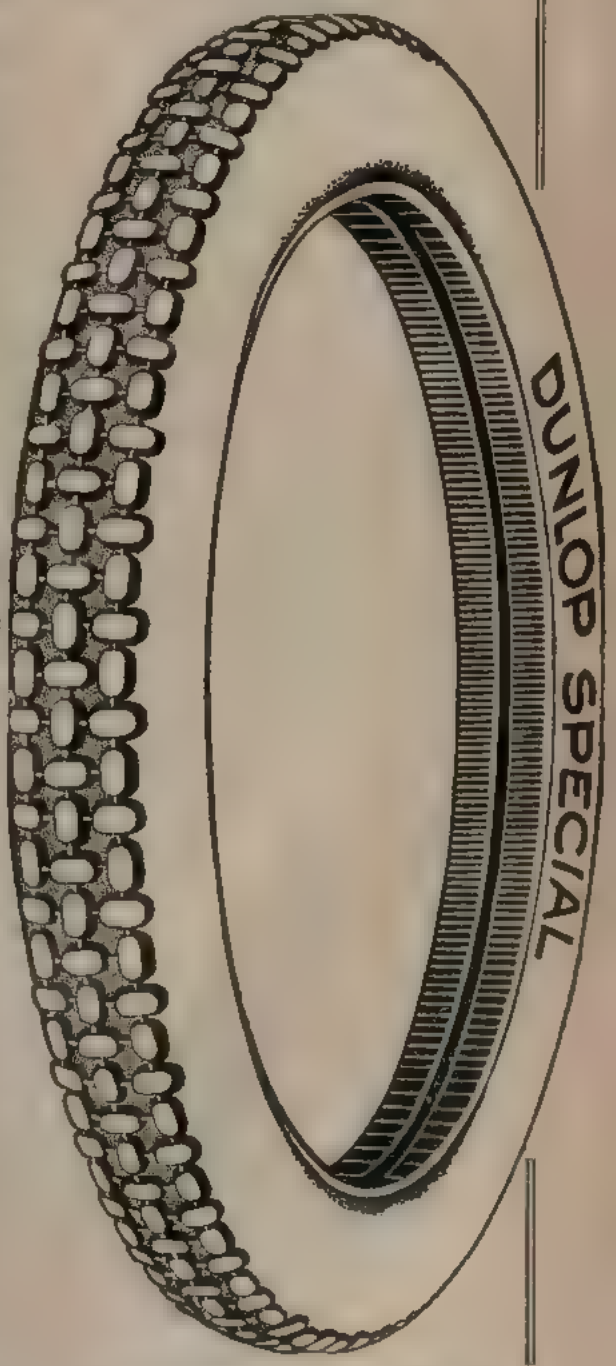
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company, Limited

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORIES: TORONTO.

"You Ask Me Why I Consider Dunlop the Tire Leader, and I Say Who Comes First, Ordinarily Knows the Most, Gives the Greatest"—Handy Andy.

No matter what other tire makers may do for the betterment of their product, a close examination generally reveals the fact that we have been offering similar or greater virtues in our product for a long time previous. That is simply because we are the pioneers of the industry in Canada. If anybody should know tire-making from A to Z, we should. We have been manufacturing tires in Canada for nearly a quarter of a century—to be exact, twenty-two years.

No other tire company has been making tires in Canada for half that length of time.



Twenty-two years' experience means that into Dunlop Traction Tread, and into Dunlop Special, we put all the knowledge which has been accumulated through those years of successfully serving Canadians because we thoroughly understand Canadian conditions. It means that years ago we faced and mastered the issues with which other tire-makers are confronted to-day. True, a few tire users occasionally swing their allegiance from Dunlop to some other make, but it is almost a certainty those same tire users will come back to Dunlop Traction Tread or Dunlop Special In the end, it is the Tire maintaining the best quality average which wins out and we surely know more about Quality averages in Canada than any other maker, seeing our experience is as great as that of all other tire makers in this country combined.

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company, Limited

Branches: Victoria, Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina, Winnipeg, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, Halifax.

CONSULT
THOSE WHO KNOW

If you are in any doubt as to the merits of O-Cedar, ask your neighbor. We know the answer you will get. She will tell you that never before did her furniture and floors and woodwork look so clean and bright—never before did she get such splendid results from so little trouble and expense.

O-Cedar Polish

(Made in Canada)

dusts, cleans and polishes at the one operation. Furniture must be clean to be beautiful. O-Cedar removes all dirt and scum—making the wood like new—and then it puts on a hard, dry, lasting lustre.

Your dealer guarantees it.

Take home a bottle at our expense.

From Your Dealer

Sizes 25c to $3.00

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED
TORONTO, CAN.

Rose's Handbook of Useful Information

Compiled by Robert Hunter Rose

EMBRACING

Interest Tables
Revenue Tables
Discount Tables
Percentage Tables
Tables for Customs Use
Wage Tables
Foreign Tables
Exchange Tables
Overhead Expense
Weights and Measures

Mechanics' Information Regarding Belting, Pulleys, Saws, Metals, Alloys, Etc., Builders', Glaziers', Bricklayers' and Printers' Information; Information for the Farmer and Housewife and All Classes of Workers

PRICE 25 CENTS POSTPAID

The Hunter-Rose Company, Ltd.
15 Shepperd Street, Toronto

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED

A sharp blade makes shaving a joy. We sharpen safety blades, and save you money. Satisfaction guaranteed. Gillette, 25c a dozen. Ever Ready and other single edge blades, 25c a dozen. Mail your dull blades to

ALB. KEEN EDGE CO.,
180 Bathurst Street, Toronto.

sues you, seizes you, carries you away from everything, even the dreams that used to frighten you—sleep which lays you in her poppy beds and drugs you into a stupor from which you wake with an appetite for the camp breakfast, and with brain and heart, body and soul rested and made new. Good-night, Cecil—poor Cecil, who has only the pavements, the rush, the clamor of a big city! the pity of it!

BETTY BLUE.

The Conversion of Alexander Popoff

Continued from page 271.

something that would justify his scorn of Scott, his staying home with wife and children. His eyes quickly caught the following utterance of the British Minister of Munitions: "There is no man in this room who has always regarded the prospect of engaging in a great war with greater reluctance and with greater repugnance than I have throughout the whole of my political life. . . . . " Popoff impatiently read on expecting to find words which would put an end to his doubts.

"We are fighting that claim to predominancy of a materially hard civilization, a civilization which if it once rules and sways the world, liberty goes, democracy vanishes. And unless Britain and her sons come to the rescue it will be a dark day for humanity.

"We are not fighting the German people. The German people are under the heel of this military caste, and it will be a day of rejoicing for the German peasant, artisan and trader when the military caste is broken.

"It is a great war for the emancipation of Europe from the thraldom of a military caste which has thrown its shadows upon two generations of men, and is now plunging the world into a welter of bloodshed and death."

THE die was cast. Popoff did not enter his home that night with his usual happy smile. He was thinking of the impending council with his wife. He knew he must join the Canadian contingent.

His wife met him in the hallway with eyes full of tears. "Don't make any noise," she said pressing a kiss on his lips. "I have put the children to sleep so as to be able to talk with you without interruption."

"I am glad you did so, for I too have something very serious and important to talk over with you. But is anything wrong? Why are you crying, are either of the kiddies ill?"

"No, they are both well and happy. They are too small yet to realize the horrors of this war. They don't dream of what it may mean to them. Nellie with pride tells her playmates that her mother is a Belgian, and in her innocence is asking me when Father will go to fight the German Kaiser.

"My tears are caused by the letters I have received this morning. You remember Marie, my cousin and best friend? She wrote to me from Liverpool where she is seeking refuge since the Germans occupied Brussels. Poor girl, she was wealthy before war broke out and now she is destitute in Liverpool with her aged mother and three nieces. Louis, her brother, and her brother-in-law were both killed in battle. Her sister was killed in the siege of Louvain.

"It is too awful to think of all the terrible times they have passed in my poor old fatherland. Oh I wish I were a man, that I could join the small band of my gallant and brave countrymen, who hold the flag of Belgium high enough to make it glorious forever."

Popoff seated himself reading the letters handed to him by his wife. His clinched fists and set teeth expressed his state of mind. Brushing aside the letters and envelopes spread before him he rose from his chair, and exclaimed:

"This settles it. Now it is up to you Poulette to give your final approval, and I will go where you are so anxious to be. I am glad you broached the question of war, for I wanted to speak to you to-night about my enlisting.

"If not for ourselves, then for the future of our dear children. It is my duty to go to this war. Militarism must be crushed. Our Nellie and Willie have a right to live in a world which will be secure against any attempt to repeat the terrible tragedy of the present time.

"I have decided to enlist to-morrow, not with a cry of 'Down with the Germans,' but like Scott, 'Down with German militarism' and 'God bless Canada'."

A few days later Alexander Popoff was a King's soldier.

A Wooing on the Veldt

Continued from page 277.

ness. As she opened her eyes, she gave a bewildered glance around, and in a few moments realized that she had been near death's door. Her eyes lighted with animation. In them was the look—the love—that woman gives only to her mate. Turning to Jan she held out her hands. "Kiss me Jan," she said "I want your kisses. I'll be your wife, and go home with you."

So Jan won his wife, having literally snatched her from the gates of death. His strength and courage had enabled him to achieve the prize that was denied his wooing.

The Woman of His Faith

Continued from page 280.

that happened under the pendant lamp on the porch. Rodd recognized the face of the photographs as the woman alighted, and Larned recognized the face of the man whom he had expected to see.

"Yes, it's Strange," he said bitterly, "and she ought to have known the kind Strange is. But I'll not wait here looking on. My position is impossible.'

If one impulse drove him on, another, sent by the green devil to overtake and over-power it, held him back in a trance of suspense and tragic curiosity. They saw Mrs. Larned smile to her companion and go inside the house. Strange followed her. The chauffeur had not entirely cut off his power and the hum of his cylinders was so low that Rodd could hear the quick, deep breaths of the statue at his side:

"I believe ! I believe ! I do ! I do !" Larned suddenly cried out in stubborn anguish.

"If you do, why did you come ?" Rodd fairly shot the question at him. It impaled him for a second like an arrow of shame. But the green devil was ready with a retort, singing, "Isn't that like you, you 'Old Simples,' " in his ear. So he stood waiting in dumb torture for he knew not what.

Directly Strange reappeared on the porch. Rodd now had a better look at him. The "Bully" was as transparent in his way as Larned—a vain, self-sufficient creature, conscious of his square shoulders, who used his mirror for other pruposes than shaving and hair brushing. With a jaunty toss of his head, he turned to the chauffeur, who nodded in answer to the directions. Then the louder whirr of the cylinders told their story. The machine was returning to town.

When Rodd looked around to see how Larned had received this blow he extended his hand in alarm to keep him from falling. For a second he was limp; life seemed out of him. But it came back in a rebellious flood, reddening cheeks that were chalky, and, Rodd's fingers felt Larned's muscle swelling with rigidity as he cried out in his natural voice, vibrant with raging denial:

'No ! She will not for you, Strange, nor any other man on earth. It's a trick you are playing—which you will pay for !"

"I hope so," thought Rodd, whose own faith was going. But it was not a time for casuistry. Rather, he sprang in front of Larned just in time to prevent him from dashing toward the porch.

"Wait ! Think what you are going to do !" he remonstrated, just as Mrs. Larned came out of the door.

She was still wearing her wrap, as Rodd noted triumphantly. Strange bent over her familiarly and significantly in evident explanation of the machine's departure. She drew away from him, first one slow contemplative step, and then another, her head poised a little higher than in any of the photographs Rodd wished that he might see the depths under her lashes—in their majestic scorn.

Thus for a few seconds she survyed Strange—surveyed him as if he were something unearthly and unspeakably foul—while he wilted, his pose all gone, a despicably dismal figure under the smoky lamp with its aurora of buzzing insects. Then, without having spoken a word, it would seem, certainly without any theatricalism, she started down the road toward San Diego.

"I knew ! I knew !" breathed Larned. "I had faith all the time."

"But *you came*," said Rodd sharply. That transfixed him.

"Yes—yes—you are right. Nothing can change that !"

He looked after the departing figure of his wife as if taking stock of some priceless treasure which he had proven with an acid that was now eating into his own soul. And Rodd knew that the story was far from told.

"We will go back unseen," he suggested, "as we came, if you wish—even to the cruiser."

"No !" Larned answered hotly; and now he was looking at Strange, who, as if there was nothing else to do in his predicament, had started along the road.

"Do you want her to know ?" Rodd asked. "What will she say when she finds you have been spying on her ?"

"That I'm a mud puddle which she would walk around," said Larned. "And she ought." He was magnificent in his honesty and the courage with which he faced the truth. "But I should have to tell her. I would be living a lie to her if I didn't. Ours is such a love, it could not exist with any such deceit. Yes, I must tell her—though it means that something will come between us. No, I could not blame her if she turned me away altogether. I can see her eyes flash in full warrant of her action as she does it. For that is the kind of a girl she is, and that is why she is life to me. How can I ever atone for this journey ? How ? How ?"

"That is for you to say," answered Rodd. He dropped his hand, which had been resting on Larned's shoulder. Larned was still gazing after Strange.

"My fellow-officer !" he said—and the words clicked like chilled steel.

"Yes," said Rodd, convinced that the primitive way was the only way on this occasion in our complex civilization—even for a man who had been

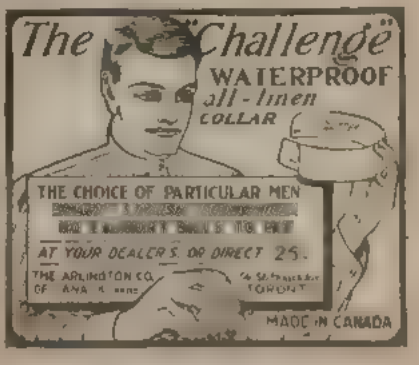
Quality

Chase & Sanborn's Coffees have been dependable for more than fifty Years

Try SEAL BRAND

In ½, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators.

170



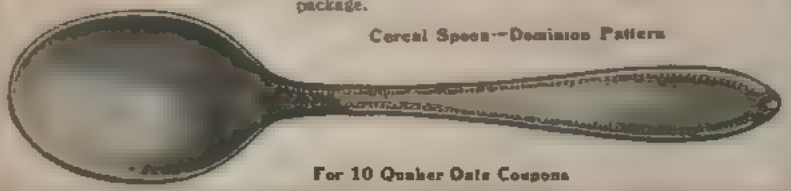
Quaker Oats Premiums

Silver Plate
Jewelry
Aluminum

We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oats users, in Silver Plate, Jewelry and Aluminum Cooking Utensils. A circular in each package illustrates them.

This takes the place of large advertising, and gives all the saving to you. Each 25c round package contains two coupons. Each 10c package contains one coupon. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on any premium. We make very attractive, very liberal offers. Note them in the package.

Cereal Spoon—Dominion Pattern



For 10 Quaker Oats Coupons

Make Good Things Energizing

Pancakes

Why not make pancakes energizing, by using Quaker Oats? They will then supply folks phosphorus and lecithin, so needed and so rare.

Folks will like them just as well—perhaps better than without oats. And they'll get a good which other pancakes lack.

Cookies

Why not make cookies out of Quaker Oats? It will make these much-liked wafers a vim-creating food.

Quaker Oats cookies taste better than flour cookies. They are rich in elements which other cookies lack. Why not make these tempting pick-ups beneficial to the boy.

Cereals

Why lavish cream and sugar on foods that don't deserve them? If you serve a cereal only once a day, why not make that serving count?

Consider food values—human needs—in these foods that people like best. Make them more than tempting dainties. Make them Quaker Oats conveyors.

Quaker Oats

The Energizing Luxury

Nature gives to oats a flavor other cereals lack. Apparently she does this to make oats inviting. For she stores the grains with energy, with needed minerals and with food for growth.

We can't improve on Nature. But we pick out her choicest grains. In Quaker Oats we use the queen grains only—the finest one-third of the oats.

We roll them into large, white, luscious flakes. Thus we get from Nature's oats a multiplied delight.

Many grain-made dainties are most delicious when made of Quaker Oats. And their value as foods may be doubled.

But use this premier grade.

Large Round Package, 25c *Regular Package, 10c.*

Except in Far West.

Peterborough, Ont. **The Quaker Oats Company** Saskatoon, Sask.

(1381)

trained to fight with shells at a range of eight thousand yards.

"You see, I've nothing but my hands"—and Larned spread them open before he started across the sands.

"That is the proper setting! Now for my part!" thought Rodd.

But he paused long enough with his hand on the lever to hear the call of "Defend yourself!" and see Larned spring upon Strange with the no-quarter fierceness of a tiger.

A few second's work for the auxiliary and the *Falcon* dropped the combatants out of sight and picked up the graceful, swift-moving figure of that woman who was so superb a mistress of her body and soul, and floated down beside her. As Rodd stepped to earth she had paused and was looking over her shoulder inquiringly, apprehensively, yet with a kind of fearless preparedness for any emergency that might appear to her alone, at night, in the desert.

Her face, clear in a patch of moonlight, was soberer than any of the photographs. It needed no Sargent's brush now to sound its depths in which he found the great thing which he knew from the first belonged there to complete her glory. And the joy of his discovery made his voice tingle with an infectious winning sympathy.

"I fancied that maybe you had farther to go than you realized," he said, "and I might give you a lift."

She had already recognized him from his pictures in the press; and she saw that his manner bore out his reputation.

"Thank you, Mr. Rodd," she returned, "it certainly is quite a long walk to San Diego." She smiled in a fashion that made her smile of the photographs faint and stilted, and then added, with a determined seriousness which won him with its frankness, "And I'll be only too glad to go if you promise not to ask me any questions as to why I'm here."

"Why, no," he answered, as if surprised that she should think any such idea should ever occur to him. And he gave her his hand to assist her in embarking. When the *Falcon* rose, however, he started back toward the inn.

"But you are going in the opposite direction from San Diego," she remonstrated quickly.

"Not far out of our way, you will find," he answered softly. "A mile more or less means little to the *Falcon*. Why, I came from the Isthmus today."

He glanced around as if testing his ground before he proceeded with his daring plan of being the first to tell her the truth. It seemed like meddling—and fatal meddling at that—but back of it was all his experience of humanity and the prayers of the mess for "Old Simples."

Proved on the Roads of Canada.

In no other six cylinder car now on the Canadian market will there be found such superiority in power, comfort, riding ease and basic quality of materials as Studebaker, with its half a century and more of experience, is able to give in this "Made in Canada" Six at $1450.

To sit in the driving seat and tonneau of this six and ride over the [steep hills and rough country peculiar to sections of the Dominion, is to realize the accuracy and care which Studebaker has exercised in making this the most preferred of all Canadian cars.

You must see the car, however, to appreciate its points of distinction—to understand those features of design and construction that place this six on a par with cars costing hundreds of dollars more.

Four Cylinder Models

Touring Car	$1225
Roadster, 3-passenger	1200
Landau Roadster, 3-pass	1500

Six Cylinder Models

Touring Car, 7-passenger	$1450
Roadster, 3-passenger	1425
Landau-Roadster, 3-pass.	1700

F. O. B. Walkerville, Ont.

Studebaker
Walkerville, Ont.

Studebaker

50-H. P. 7 Passenger SIX $1450

A great help on a busy day

ON "wash-day" the range should take care of both the dinner and the washing. And if you have a Pandora, it will.

Set the boiler on the long way of the Pandora—not on top, but right down in the pot holes. That leaves two of the hot front holes free for cooking and at the same time keeps the boiler on the boil. Should you have to add coal to the fire, you can do so without taking off the lids or disturbing your cooking.

This is the sort of range every woman should have—one that saves her time on busy days. It is almost as important as the saving of coal for which the Pandora is famous.

McClary's Pandora Range

If you would like to know why the Pandora gives a lifetime of perfect service, why it saves coal, why it saves time, send for a copy of our new illustrated booklet, "The Magic of the Pandora." Use the coupon.

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON

Kindly send me a copy of your booklet "The Magic of the Pandora."

Name .....

Address .....

McClary's

London Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
Vancouver St John, N.B. Hamilton
Calgary Saskatoon Edmonton

842

"Yes," he added. "And I brought a naval officer with me—Frank Larned."

"My husband!" she cried, responding like magic to the name. "He is at San Diego? Oh, Frank! They gave him leave, and I shall see him to-night"

"Yes, he came in answer to an alarming telegram concerning you!"

"Concerning me!" She was thunderstruck. "Alarming telegram concerning me! Who from?"

Studying her face he was sure that she was without guile in her surprise.

"Alice!" he answered.

She was still puzzled, but smiled benignantly.

"Poor Alice—with the corners of her mouth drawn down! She's so overworked!" she said. "But where is Frank? Tell me! Why all this mystery?"

"He came out with me from the hotel this evening following an automobile!"

"Following Strange and myself?"

"Yes"

There was a thrill in her cry of hurt astonishment which sent a shiver through Rodd.

"You saw us stop at the inn?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"Where were you?"

"Out in the shadows."

"And you saw the machine sent away?"

He felt her breath, hot and gasping, close on his cheek as she drove in her questions, each a little more tensely than the preceding one.

"Yes."

"And what did he say?"

Rodd looked fairly into her burning eyes and answered slowly:

"He said, 'No! She never would for any man on earth.' He said Strange had played you a trick and I held him back"

"Oh!" The exclamation was drawn out into a fine point that broke into lightning. "But he came! He came! He *came*!" she cried.

And now Rodd himself opened fire.

"And you came—came with Strange."

"Yes—and I'd have written Frank about it to-morrow, as I always do. I had no secrets from him—only trust for him. What had he for me? Yes, I came," she concluded defiantly, "but not to spy on my husband."

"And you have been indiscreet—you have flirted a little," he persisted gently.

"How dare—" But she forebore such [illegible] avowed [illegible]

"You [illegible] and economy—you believed [illegible] carried you to the point of exposing your[illegible]

[illegible]" she [illegible] slowly "I

have learned a bitter lesson. All that is over—and—and something else is, too." Her goddess air was gone. She was in torture.

"Something so great that everything is ashes without it," she went on. "I had followed him around the world. I believed in him. I find that he did not believe in me—he believed Alice's talk. That is between us forever. I feel as if I did not want him ever to touch me again."

Rodd was not surprised, or even discouraged. Out of the corner of his eye he was watching the struggling shadows which he had purposely kept in the distance so that she would not see them. The *Falcon* kept on circling them as a pivot while her head was bowed with the bitterness of her disillusion.

Fights in a roped arena had never interested Rodd; but this had the dignity of primitive battle. It was desperately even, he saw; neither man seemed yet to have an advantage.

"And when," Mrs. Larned asked as she looked up again, "and when he saw me walk down the road, what did he do then?"

It was the question that Rodd wanted her to ask. He smiled like a cabinet-maker who had just fitted in a difficult part.

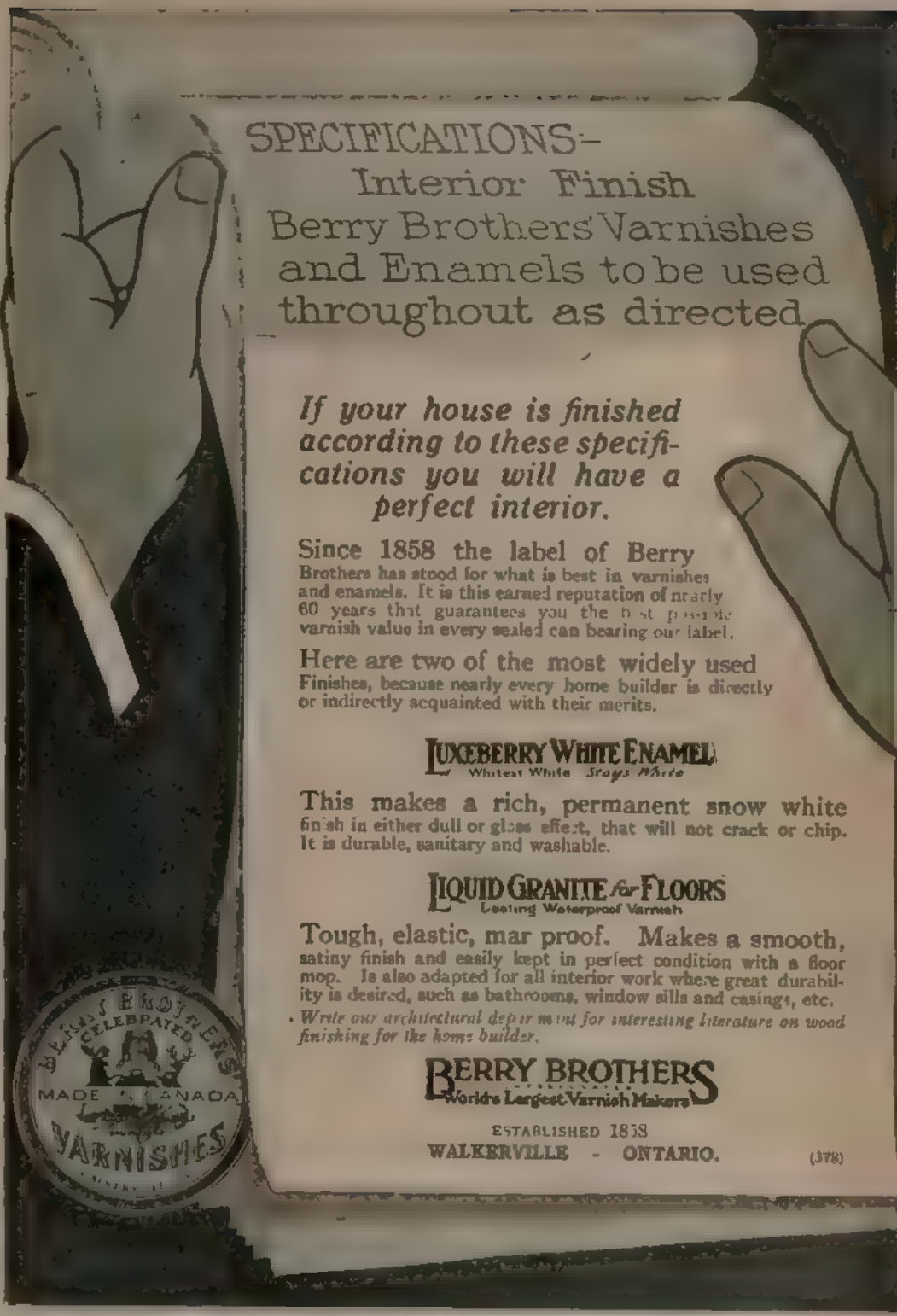
"The only thing a man could! There! You see!"

He wheeled the *Falcon* in until, with her eyes watching through half-closed lashes and her chin held high, she saw the shadows take the form of men. When she recognized her husband, she said not a word but leaned far out, clinging to the braces while the rain of blows knew no rules except fair play, no sounded recesses. One man was fighting to save his face; the other for an idea. Both were becoming exhausted. Their onslaughts had determination but not strength. The decision was near; a single blow might make it.

As if she could not bear the suspense, she suddenly turned away and in a nervous impulse put her hands on Rodd's arm as if to steady herself on his dependable strength.

"Oh, it's good—good!" she said, expressing the hope that ran with her fear. "For it seems to me that my husband is fighting to kill that something which was going to stand between us. And deep down, aren't we all primitive? Am I not just a woman? And I don't know why—but I find that it was this which I wanted. I wanted a dragon slain — and by him!"

She dared not look back, while over his shoulder Rodd saw Strange go down, struggle to his feet, and then go down again. He rose to his hips this time and with a gesture of assent sank outstretched on the sand. At


SPECIFICATIONS—
Interior Finish
Berry Brothers Varnishes
and Enamels to be used
throughout as directed
If your house is finished according to these specifications you will have a perfect interior.
Since 1858 the label of Berry Brothers has stood for what is best in varnishes and enamels. It is this earned reputation of nearly 60 years that guarantees you the best possible varnish value in every sealed can bearing our label.
Here are two of the most widely used Finishes, because nearly every home builder is directly or indirectly acquainted with their merits.
LUXEBERRY WHITE ENAMEL
Whitest White Stays White
This makes a rich, permanent snow white finish in either dull or gloss effect, that will not crack or chip. It is durable, sanitary and washable.
LIQUID GRANITE for FLOORS
Lasting Waterproof Varnish
Tough, elastic, mar proof. Makes a smooth, satiny finish and easily kept in perfect condition with a floor mop. Is also adapted for all interior work where great durability is desired, such as bathrooms, window sills and casings, etc.
Write our architectural department for interesting literature on wood finishing for the home builder.
BERRY BROTHERS
World's Largest Varnish Makers
ESTABLISHED 1858
WALKERVILLE - ONTARIO.
(378)
BERRY BROTHERS CELEBRATED
MADE IN CANADA
VARNISHES

North Street at Delaware Avenue.

THE IDEAL HOTEL OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

HOTEL LENOX

MODERN. FIREPROOF.

A unique Hotel of 250 rooms with a most desirable location insuring quiet, convenience and cleanliness. Cuisine and service unexcelled by the leading hotels of the larger cities

European Plan—$1.50 per Day and Up
Special Weekly Rates

Take Elmwood Avenue car to North Street, or write for Special Taxicab Arrangement. May we send with our compliments a "Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls," also our complete rates?

C. A. MINER, Managing Director.

MADE IN CANADA
GILLETT'S
LYE
E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO ONT.
Used for making hard and soft soap, for softening water, for cleaning, disinfecting and for over 500 other purposes.
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.
E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

Certain-teed

Roofing

Cover your buildings with CERTAIN-TEED, the weatherproof smooth surfaced and economical roofing that is guaranteed to last 5, 10 or 15 years according to ply (1, 2 or 3). Experience has proven that CERTAIN-TEED will outlast this liberal guarantee which is placed on every roll.

CERTAIN-TEED is safer than wood shingles; looks better than galvanized iron or tin, is easier to lay, and cheaper than any of them. It is very different from inferior roofing sold by mail.

Get CERTAIN-TEED from your local dealer, whom you know and can rely upon. It will save you money in the end. It is sold by good dealers all over Canada at reasonable prices.

General Roofing Mfg. Co.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

Distributing Centres: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Ottawa, Quebec, Edmonton, London, Halifax, Regina, St. John's, Sherbrooke, Brandon.

McFarlane Ladder Works

TORONTO, ONT.

DO YOU NEED

FURNITURE?

Write for our large photo-illustrated Catalogue No. 29—it's free to you

THE ADAMS FURNITURE CO., Limited
Toronto, Ontario.

last he had the medicine which the blunt ship's doctor had prescribed.

"It's all over with the dragon," Rodd told her sweetly.

"Frank! Frank! Quick to him! Frank!" She kept repeating his name in accents that were triumph enough for any victor till after the *Falcon* had descended and her arms were around his neck. "Oh, Frank, I wouldn't have been so foolish"—she was half crying, half laughing—"if it hadn't been such a temptation to shock Alice with the corners of her mouth drawn down—Alice who thought she always ought to be along to look after me. Oh, Frank, I'm so glad you gave that beast a pounding, you old dear."

Strange, with his face in the sand, never once looked up. Even the doctor would have admitted that he was having a full dose. On the way back, Rodd slowed down to call to the chauffeur, who had just reached the harbor beach:

"Please go back for your employer! I have all the passengers I can carry."

Community Farming for War Widows.

Continued from page 283.

school age such children run wild in the streets a great deal of the time, being exposed to all sorts of evil influences, making it a guess whether they will turn out an asset, or a burden to the state, a blue lookout for all concerned.

BEGIN with springtime on the little farm. The woman would rise early, slip quietly out, leaving the little ones restfully sleeping, while she fed pigs, calf, and poultry, besides milking the cow, or cows. Then comes a nice, cosy breakfast all together. Next, she does the necessary housework, puts baby to sleep in his buggy, wheels it out under a tree, or onto the little porch, and begins working in the garden, while the older children play about in the open, till hunger drives them all in to get another meal. Thus, while earning a support, the mother may have her children always under her watchful care, to their great moral and physical benefit.

Consider the living made possible to this poor family. Choice vegetables of all kinds, crisp and fresh from the garden; strawberries with the dew glistening on them, and a succession of other garden fruits; new laid eggs, milk direct from the cow, golden, fragrant butter with the tang of the clover meadows still on it, and choice hams and bacon in plenty. Then think of the chicken dinners and roast duck they could have! Also, contrast the

A new KODAK in a new size

The 2C Autographic Jr.

Just as surely as the 3A (post card size) picture displaced the 4 x 5, this 2C, (or pictures 2⅜ x 4⅜ inches, will displace the 3¼x4¼. The elongated shape, used horizontally is better for landscapes—it doesn't waste film on sky and foreground. It is better for portraits when used vertically for it gives the high, narrow picture. It *gives more picture for the area* than is usually possible in a square—and the shape of the picture is far more pleasing

And this elongated shape in the picture makes possible a slim thin, easily pocketed camera. The 2C Autographic Kodak Junior has a capacity of ten exposures without reloading. It has the Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter with cable release working at speeds 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second and of course the usual "bulb" and time actions. The camera has brilliant reversible finder, two tripod sockets, black leather bellows, is covered with fine grain leather, is well made and beautifully finished. It is furnished with a choice of lens equipment as listed below

All dealers.

CANADIAN KODAK CO. Limited,
TORONTO.

Attention! Agents.

Mrs. Cope, of Magrath, Alta., cleared $102.35 in Magrath, and $102.75 in Taber in 8 days' canvassing with our Sanitary Brushes. We have territory open for you. Write us for Catalogue and terms.

PERFECTION SANITARY BRUSH CO.
1118 Queen Street, West, - - Toronto, Ont.
Only manufacturers in Canada.

OLD FALSE TEETH WANTED

Full or broken sets in any condition. We are the only Canadian firm paying high cash prices. Mail them to

BEALEY & CO.
1974 Queen Street, East, Toronto.

MURRAY-KAY'S
New Catalogue No. 19M will be ready for mailing early this month.

An important section of our new Catalog No. 19M is devoted to fine illustrations of the newest fashions in Women's Suits, Coats, Dresses, Millinery, Furs, etc., and most reasonable prices are quoted.

We prepay charges to any Post Office in Canada on every garment illustrated or listed in this catalogue.

Write for a copy now. The edition is limited and the demand is great.

Murray-Kay Limited
17 to 31 King St. E. Toronto, Ont.

The Pen with the Magic Button

When you buy a fountain pen you are entitled to something more than a pen that will merely write for a while. You should secure *lasting* satisfaction.

For years the *"A.A." SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN* has been giving universal satisfaction. It is the one Fountain Pen which is always ready for service.

Can be filled from any ink well or bottle. Every "A.A." Pen is carefully and properly made and will not leak or blot.

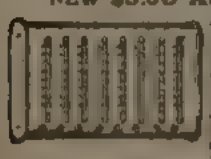
Fully Guaranteed—
$2.00 and up

FREE—An "A.A." clip on every "A.A." Pen.

Ask your dealer or write for illustrated catalogue and prices.

Arthur A. Waterman & Company,
Established 1895,
38 Thames Street, New York City.
Not connected with The L. E. Waterman Company

NEW $3.00 AUTOMATIC ADDER



BENVIN SPECIALTY CO., Toronto, Ontario.

well-lighted cottage with the wretched abodes open to the city poor.

Children instinctively take to producing from the land. They naturally take an interest in plant growth, and delight in the care of young creatures, which pursuits gradually lead up to successful farming. Under these conditions, the fatherless children should develop into ideal young Canadians for Canada. That is a good slogan, "Canadians for Canada." No hyphen.

The community idea has fine possibilities. The school grounds may be used for community sports, games, or fairs, and the school house planned so as to be used by the public for library, reading room, rest room, lunch room and concert hall. In most domestic science cooking classes, they either waste the results, or eat it to get rid of it, which is still worse. Instead why not have the class prepare dinner for distant pupils on school days, and for shoppers on Saturdays?

Medical attendance is of great importance. A good doctor should be provided with suitable quarters, given a stipend that would ensure him against actual want for the first three years, on condition that he charge moderate fees. It is usual to charge by the mile in a country practice. The community idea would be to strike an average, and charge all alike.

Eggs, poultry, butter, vegetables, small fruit, honey, calves, sheep, and pigs may all be made a soucre of income to the woman farmer. Milking and tending a cow in winter, is neither easy nor pleasant, but no worse than scrubbing the floors of city buildings.

Unless by permission of the management, no agents, nor vendors should be permitted to go among the settlers, over-persuading inexperienced men or women into buying unwisely.

It is well understood that this life isn't for all women. There is the woman who would rather scrub the city streets, live in a cellar, on cheap food, than take the best the farm could give her. Then there is the lazy woman and the extravagant woman. Well, the city is the only place for these

The Son of the Otter

Continued from page 288.

tails of our roosters could not give them plenty."

"I am very glad," said Utapukun. "Xavier is a fine fellow and I hope Anne will be very happy."

"Yes! He is a *bon garcon*, and he has a cow and a horse; also many fine pigs. So there will be a fine wedding in the church, and Pere Laroux has promised to marry them; I have just seen him. Then there will be a dinner in the house and after that a dance in

Grand Prize, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915

Grand Prize, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915

DRINK

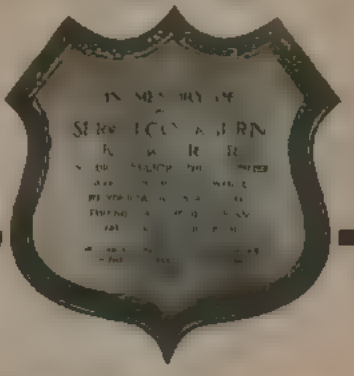
BAKER'S COCOA

For its Delicious Flavor, its Excellent Quality and its High Food Value.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

All of our products sold in Canada are made in Canada

Walter Baker & Co. Limited
Established 1780
MONTREAL, CANADA
DORCHESTER, MASS.



"When shall their memory fade?"

TENNYSON'S line is as applicable to our heroes of to-day as when he penned his immortal verses. Families, friends, societies, comrades and others of a sympathetic duty fittingly perpetuate the memories of the noble fallen. Their wishes find adequate expression in the enduring [illegible] produced by this Company.

Write for full information on Shields, Tablets, Etc.

THE DENNIS WIRE & IRON WORKS CO., LIMITED
London, - Canada.

B&B

Double-Sure Products
Sold by All Druggists

Absorbent Cotton
Bandages and Gauze
Adhesive Plaster
Fumigators, etc.

USE THEM FOR SAFETY'S SAKE

First Aid Book—10c

What to Do in Any Emergency

We issue this book for half what it costs us to foster efficient first aid.

It was written by a famous surgeon, now a Major in charge of U. S. Army Field Hospital. It tells what to do in any form of accident or emergency—

In shocks and sickness—
In burns and bruises—
In wounds and sprains—
Hemorrhage or fainting—
Drowning or electric shock—
Any sort of poisoning

The book contains 128 pages and over 100 illustrations. It is a complete and authentic reprint of our book that sells for 50 cents. Every home at some time has urgent need for it, when a life may be at stake.

We ask 10 cents merely as evidence of serious intent. The book costs us much more.

Be Double-Sure

This is part of our effort to prevent careless wound-dressing. And to help you fight germ infections.

Another part is to make dressings that are sterile. And enable you to keep them sterile. We are at war with half-way measures. We urge you to be double-sure.

What You Need

What you need in the house—all the time—is B&B Absorbent Cotton, B&B Bandages and Gauze, B&B Adhesive Plaster.

You need the B&B brand for the following reasons:

B&B Cotton goes through 22 processes. Our Cotton and Gauze are twice sterilized, once after being sealed.

B&B Arro Brand Cotton and Handy-Fold Gauze are both put up in germ-proof envelopes—enough for one use in each. They keep their sterility for years.

Both are also put up in handy packages. No need to remove the roll. Cut off what you need and leave the rest untouched.

B&B Adhesive

B&B Adhesive Plaster is rubber coated. It is prepared especially for surgeons' use. But it sticks to anything without heating or wetting. And it stays stuck. Every home has a hundred uses for mending rubber, glass and wood.

Our First Aid Book tells how these things are used. Also hundreds of other things—knowledge you should keep on file. We will mail it for ten cents. Address First Aid Dept. 12.

Always call the Doctor—remember First Aid is only first aid.

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED

A sharp blade makes shaving a joy. We sharpen safety blades, and save you money. Satisfaction guaranteed. Gillette, 25c a dozen. Ever Ready and other single edge blades, 25c a dozen. Mail your dull blades to

ALB. KEEN EDGE CO.,
160 Bathurst Street, Toronto.

FREE!

A Pannell of Beautiful Hair Styles and Hair Goods for 1916. Write

W. T. PEMBER,
120 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Here is Money Saved

Fingers are dirtied, pencil points broken and considerable muss is made nearly every time a pencil is sharpened

With the New Pencil Sharpener all this is avoided—time is saved, pencils last longer and fingers remain unsoiled.

The handiest convenience for Office, School or Home.

The Boston Pencil Sharpener will pay for itself many times over. Sent to any address postpaid for $1 65. British Columbia, $1.75.

Order Yours Now.

The A. S. Hustwitt Co.
44 Adelaide St., West.
TORONTO, - - ONTARIO.

Xavier's new barn, which is painted red. It will be *superbe*, as a fine *veillee* it will be. We will have Hypolite Leschantre, he of the crooked leg, and Dougald *l'Ecossais* with their fiddles and little Bernard with his accordion. Every one at Pointe Bleue is coming. So you will all be at the dinner and the dance. 'Mititesh, see to it that thou wearest thy best *hardes* and pretty ribbons in thy hair, for I shall dance with thee, many dances!"

He capered around the room, not ungracefully, his face beaming with smiles, but the other three remained silent and he saw at once that something had gone wrong, so that he stopped suddenly.

"Well, why don't you speak? What is the matter? Are you not going to come?" he asked, anxiously.

"I—I have become too old for such things," said Uapukun.

"Thou art not old, and since when were women too old to come and gossip at a wedding? The oldest will be there, as well as the young, and it will remind them of the days when they also prayed to *La Vierge Marie* for happy days. But thou, Ahteck?"

"In all these years thou knowest I never went to a *veillee*," answered Ahteck, turning his head away.

"Then it is surely time for thee to begin. But thou, Mititesh, the most beautiful girl at Pointe Bleue—thou wilt surely come. I will dance with thee, many dances, though there is one other I must dance with also. I will make all the other men jealous, for they will also want to dance with thee."

"Oh! I could not dance," she cried. "I—I shall never dance again!"

"But what has happened? I left you all so happy, only a day or two ago, and now your faces are all that of *kukukuu*, the speaking owl, that bewails himself at night."

"Nothing has happened," declared Uapukun, sadly.

"And you will not come? But I tell you it will be a great feast of my family! Haven't we all been the best of friends? And now people will say that we must have quarreled, or that you despise us. Then Anne will surely weep—weep on her wedding day, a thing that always brings bad fortune, as every one knows. Why! Mititesh! Are we not good old friends? In the days that are gone, when we traveled all together in the big woods, thou wouldst have done anything for me, as I would for thee! Did I not help bury thy people and make crosses and pray at thy side?"

The young man looked red in the face, grievously disappointed, and they all could see that this was a blow to him.

"Yes," answered the girl. "Thou wert in truth a good friend, and I

would not willingly cause thee pain."

"And thou, Ahteck? Have we not been partners for long years? Have we not lived together like brothers, with never a quarrel or a harsh word, and gone together through hunger and cold and hard toiling? I—I cannot understand it."

"I was thinking that I am not one to bring good fortune upon a wedding," Ahteck answered, his head still turned away.

"Oh! Is it all thy life that thou art going to be like *kakaishu*, the raven, ever crowing of ill luck? Does not good fortune always attend thee and thy people? Did not my evil luck become good as soon as I began to hunt with thee, so that I have again a little house and a cow, and my mother a roof over her head and plenty to eat? Art thou not a rich man now, with money in plenty at the bank? Just look at him, prospering every day and chattering of ill luck! It is a shame—yes, a shame!"

"If it will make thee happy I will come," he finally consented, uncertainly.

Paul was delighted with the advantage he had obtained, and was quick to press it further.

"Then I have thy promise to come! It is well for never hast thou broken one. I think that Mititesh was wiser than thou, for she was first to say she would not willingly hurt me: Uapukun, thou wilt surely not let thy children come alone. I shall now count upon you all. Behold! 'Now I am happy and I can dance again!'"

He took a few funny steps across the room, laughing, after which he leaped over a bench and capered again, until the others could not help smiling at his antics.

"Now I run away," he said, "for fear your minds might change once more. Remember that you have promised. I run away now. *A bientot*!"

He rushed out through the door, chuckling.

Thus it happened that in due time they all went to the little church, which was crowded to the doors, and where all were dressed in their very best Sunday clothes. After the ceremony was over a goodly procession walked off to Xavier's house, where the great feast was bountifully spread.

It may be said at once that the bridegroom was no niggard. A sheep had been killed, and there was roast young pig, and chickens and geese to the admiration of all beholders. Potatoes were brought in by the bushel, with cabbage and turnips and carrots in profusion, while the tea was made in a clothes boiler. There was also any amount of sweet stuff.

And the presents! It was indeed easy to see that the young couple had

The Sunset Dish

Which Children Get To-night

Perhaps a million children, this summer night, will sup on a dish like this. It is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice—the bubble-like grains—in a bowl of milk or cream.

The dish used to be bread and milk. Sometimes it was crackers. Now it is whole grains, because whole grains are better. And those airy, toasted, flaky grains are made four times as porous as bread.

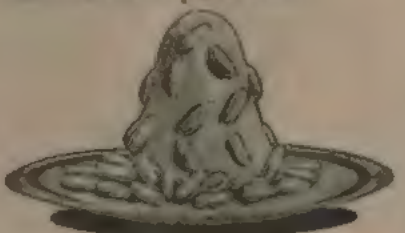
Not Merely Delightful

Puffed grains are served because children enjoy them. They don't like to go back to homely grain foods when they once taste these nut-like tit-bits.

But there are other and greater reasons. Children need whole grains, rich in elements which white flour lacks. And those whole grains should be wholly digestible.

That is what Prof. A. P. Anderson has accomplished in these foods. Every food cell is steam exploded. Every atom of the whole grain feeds. That is true of no other form of grain food.

Please remember that. Your doctor will confirm it. If you want easy, complete digestion—if you want the whole grain made available—you should serve wheat and rice in puffed form.



At Noon

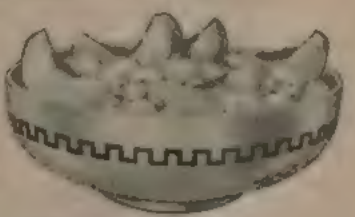
When you serve ice cream, try scattering Puffed Rice on it. The finest chefs do this now. The grains are fragile, crisp and flaky. The taste is like toasted nuts.

Use them also in candy making. See directions on the package. Puffed grains are both foods and confections. Between meals, children like to eat them—like peanuts.

Puffed Wheat Except in Far West **12c**
Puffed Rice **15c**

At Morn

In the morning serve with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit. Serve Puffed Grains each morning. Every pantry shelf in summer should contain these. As breakfast dainties, Puffed Grains hold supreme place. Nothing compares with them.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont. **Saskatoon, Sask**

[1380]

The

Wonder Lamp

is the latest and handiest ever placed on the market. It produces a clear, bright, white light of five hundred candle power for less than one-third of a cent per hour.

Get this lamp now and have your home lighted as well as the best of city homes. You can install this yourself, or anyone in the home can do it.

A child can operate it. Absolutely safe and odorless. Lights with a match. Very convenient. Fully guaranteed.

Local Agents Wanted Everywhere.

Write now and get an independent plant at once.

Maclaren Light Co.

Drawer D

Merrickville, - Ontario

many friends. There were fine handkerchiefs of vivid hues dear to the Indian soul, and embroidered things of buckskin, and glistening pots and pans, and various articles of clothing. Best of all, perhaps, was a sewing-machine, the rarely-attained ambition of all the house-wives of Pointe Bleue, a contribution from Ahteck and a gift so liberal that it brought tears of joy to the round cheeks of the bride when it was brought from Roberval, all shining enamel and bright steel and wood so polished that one could see one's face in it, as in a mirror.

After dinner they had to rest a little, to regain their breaths, and finally all trooped over to the barn, that was lighted with all the kerosene lamps that could be borrowed on the reservation. The two violins and the accordion were severally perched on boards placed upon wooden boxes. The horse and the cow had been taken out and placed in the pasture, back of the house, while the plough and buggy, with the sled and stone-boat, had been pulled out behind the barn. There was any amount of room.

The fiddles uttered some of the dismal sounds absolutely indispensable for perfect tuning, harbingers of the lilting measures to come. Then the musicians looked gravely at one another and, with a nod, began to bestir themselves till one's feet moved of their own accord. They were old Scotch tunes of country dances, and French ones of long ago, mere reminiscences of centuries gone by.

It was unfortunate that a very few of the men, chiefly among the younger ones, had managed to obtain, in spite of the law prohibiting its sale to Indians, certain flasks of strong drink. One or two of these young fellows at a time would leave the barn, heated with dancing, stand for a moment in the shadow of the walls, and return smacking their lips and, perchance, coughing from the strength of the vile stuff. But it must be said that the majority were well behaved and sober, so that the ball proceeded joyfully.

When Paul first asked her, Mititesh had hesitated to dance. But he had looked so sorely disappointed that at last she consented, much against her inclination. Then she bethought herself that, after all, it was best to do all she could to conceal her grief from Ahteck and Uapukun. Yes, she would dance! Why should they know of her distress?

So she bravely put her hand in Paul's and they took their place upon the floor.

Paul may, like the others, have danced somewhat heavily, yet not without a certain grace. His deep bows and merry gestures were much admired, and none could leap so high or click

Through Nature's Fairyland

This grand tour from Niagara to the Sea is one continuous round of pleasure and comfort. The constant change and grandeur of the scenery adds wonderful inspiration to the voyage.

The awe-inspiring cataract of the Niagara; the inland-sea voyage across the vast bosom of Lake Ontario; the wonderful labyrinth of the Thousand Islands; the buoyant exhilaration of "shooting the Rapids," called by some the crowning feature of the trip; the mighty St. Lawrence with its picturesque landscape; quaint old Quebec with its rugged cliffs, capped by the famous Citadel; the summer rendezvous of society—Murray Bay; the Village of Tadousac, rich in historical association; and then, the great Saguenay River trip through the rugged Laurentian Mountains. The grandeur of all these wonders of nature leaves an indelible impression on the memory and makes the most enjoyable vacation tour conceivable.

The perfect appointments of our palatial steamers ensure absolute comfort for passengers.

The tour may be started at any point, and costs only $47.00, including meals and berth. Shorter tours at proportionate rates.

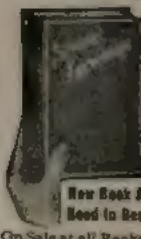
For fuller description of this wonderful voyage write for our free booklet or enclose 6c in stamps to cover postage on the profusely illustrated book "Niagara to the Sea."

The Canada Steamship Lines, Limited

46 Yonge St., TORONTO. — 9 R. & O. Bldg., MONTREAL.

A $2.00 BOOK FOR **ONLY $1.00**

SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE



320 Pages ILLUSTRATED

By Dr. WINFIELD SCOTT HALL, Ph.D.

Noted Authority and Lecturer

PLAIN TRUTHS OF SEX LIFE—What every young man and young woman, every young wife and young husband, every father and mother, teacher and nurse should know.

Sex Facts Hitherto Misunderstood

In plain wrapper for only $1.00; postage 10 cents extra.

On Sale at all Bookstores or from McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart Limited, Pub., 266 King St. W., Toronto.

GENUINE DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Save money on your Diamonds by buying from us. We are Diamond Importers. Terms 20% down, $1, $2 or $3 Weekly. We guarantee you every advantage in Price and Quality.

Write to-day for Catalogue, it is FREE.

We send Diamonds or Watches to any part of Canada for inspection at our expense. Payments may be made Weekly or Monthly.

JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers
15 Toronto Arcade, Dept. G., Toronto, Canada.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

The old reliable remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and sprains.

Best Liniment Made

MR. A. E. LANDRY, EDMONTON, writes:—"I fell from a building and received what the doctor called a very bad sprained ankle, and told me I must not walk on it for three weeks. I got MINARD'S LINIMENT and in six days I was out to work again. I think it the best Liniment made."

Minard's Liniment always gives satisfaction. For any ache or pain. It gives instant relief.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited
Yarmouth, - - N.S.

More Miles for Tires

The mileage obtainable from tires is in direct ratio with the air put into them.
If your tire lacks twenty per cent. of the air it needs it will render you twenty per cent less than the mileage it could have given you. Measure the air in your tires with a SCHRADER Universal Tire Pressure Gauge and get the maximum out of your tires.
Price $1.25 at your dealer or
A. Schrader's Son, Inc.
20-22 Hayter St.,
Toronto

SCHRADER-UNIVERSAL TIRE-PRESSURE-GAUGE

Highest Award at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

Wilson Marine Motors

The best motor and for the least money. Guaranteed for five years. Send for Catalogue "O."

Wilson Motor Co.
Walkerville Ont.

heels together so cleverly. Mititesh moved with the ease of her youth, with a harmony of motion that was all her own. In the merry laughter, among the happy people crowding the place, she was finding some surcease to her pain.

When the fiddles stopped at the end of the country-dance she looked toward the people standing near the walls, and caught Ahteck's staring eyes, that were immediately withdrawn from her. The man had been devouring her with his hungry vision, noting the finely chiseled face, the gracefully rounded form, the little hand extended to her partner, the wonderfully heavy coiled tresses on her shapely head, the curve of her red lips, the warm color of her cheeks, the light kindled in her eyes by the unwonted excitement. He clenched his fists and his powerful arms became rigid and hard as iron with the sudden effort he made to control himself again, to pay no heed to her, to pretend that she was nothing more to him than all the others who crowded the place. He turned and moved towards an open, unglazed window and stared out. It was early yet in the evening of the long summer day. A saffron sky mottled with tiny clouds lay above a sun touching the horizon with its great fiery ball. He thought of the places in the far North where he had tramped with her in the majestic silence of great snowy wastes, in the august solitude of the big snow-capped trees, on the long, twisted, perilous path that was a river held in bondage by the frost and groaning in its gyves. The sun disappeared and the tinted clouds faded. People were all about him, in a swarm, and yet he felt himself in a solitude so great, in a darkness so profound, that he had the sensations of a man become suddenly deaf and blind. He was alone in the world, marked for destruction.

Mititesh was determined to dance no more, and yet who should come to her but the bridegroom, insisting on the next turn? It was utterly impossible to affront him by refusing. After this other men would not be denied. Uapukun looked at her, approvingly, glad to see the child having a small meed of pleasure. Who knows whether an innocent, half formed instinct of coquetry did not move the girl, after a time, to show Ahteck how eager other men were to take her in their arms? And so she danced, untiringly, while young men whispered of her wonderful good looks, and other girls perhaps felt twinges of jealousy. And Ahteck had stopped staring out of the window into the darkness, that now was dense, and remained like a statue, with his back to the wall, watching her, utterly unaware of the intensity of his gaze, with his big throbbing heart on fire.

To be continued.

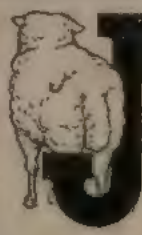
A Little Care and A Little Cuticura

Do Wonders for Hair and Skin

The Soap for all toilet purposes, the Ointment to soothe and soften.

Sample Each Free by Mail

With 32-p. book on the skin. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. 38B Boston." Sold everywhere



JAEGER Travelling Rugs

For Steamer, Railway or Camp, Pure Wool or Camelhair Jaeger Rugs give such comfort with their soft, fleecy cosy feel, that no person who has ever owned one could be induced to part with it.

It is equally useful and convenient in the home.
A fully illustrated catalogue and Dr. Jaeger's Health Culture will be sent free on application to

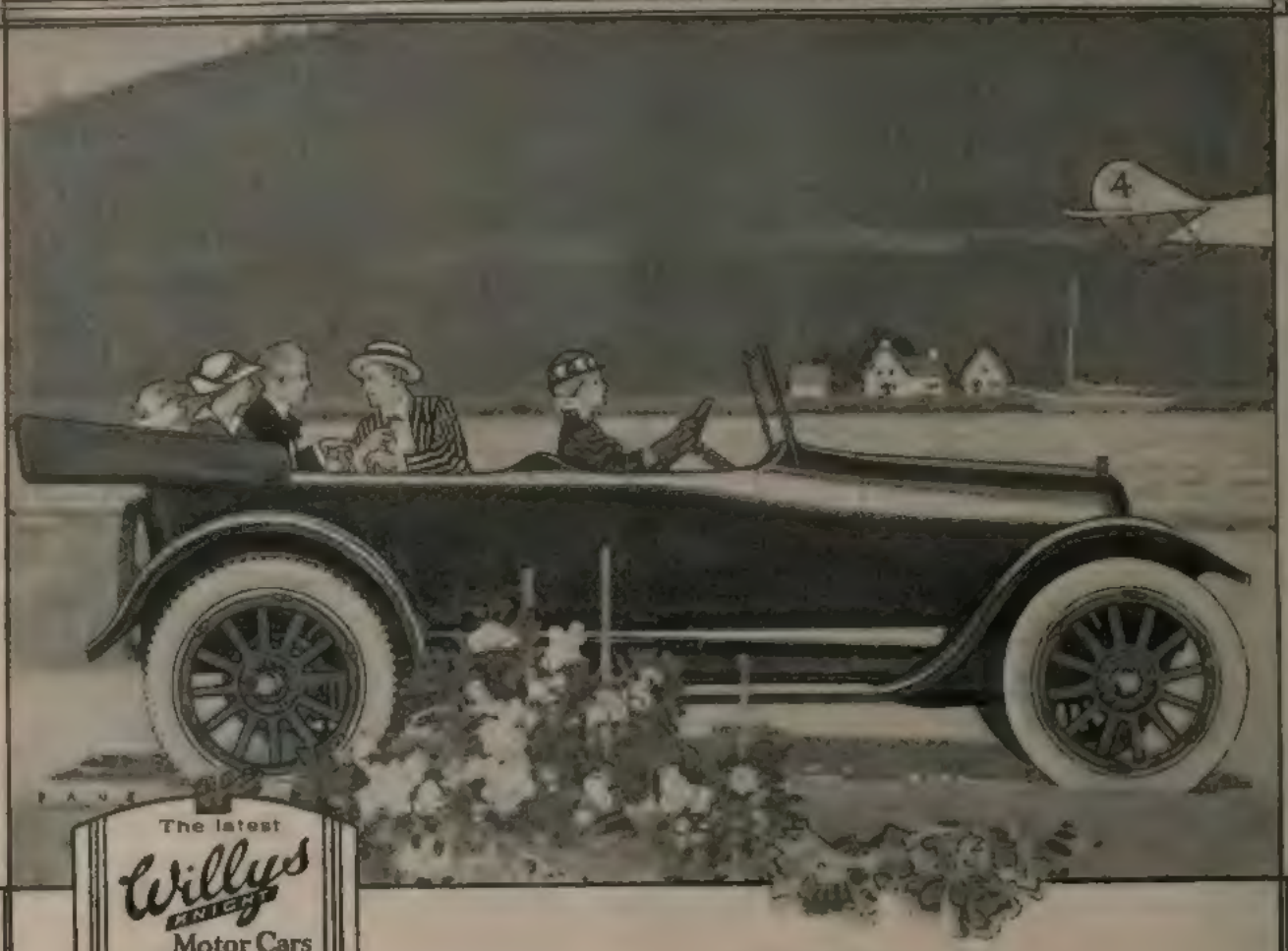
DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen System Co. Limited
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

Incorporated in England in 1883, with British Capital for the British Empire.

RUBBER STAMPS

Any Kind For Any Purpose

WALTER E. IRONS
36 Temperance St. TORONTO



The latest
Willys Knight
Motor Cars
Model 88-4
$1800
f.o.b. Toronto

Brief Specifications

New double cowl body
40 horse-power four cylinder sleeve-valve motor
121 inch wheelbase
Seven passenger seating capacity
34x4½ inch tires—non-skid rear
Cantilever rear springs
Auto-Lite starting and lighting system
Electric switches on steering column
Vacuum tank fuel feed
Gasoline tank and gauge in rear
Mote-meter

Reviewing a Great Success —and its Successor

Just about one year ago the whole country was sitting on edge in anticipation of our introducing the sleeve-valve Knight motored cars.

So thousands of people who were on the verge of buying other cars—waited.

From our initial announcement alone our production was oversold for six months.

On all sides people were astounded at the Willys-Knight performance.

The smoothness of operation; the practical elimination of gear shifting; the absence of carbon troubles; the giant power, coupled with extreme quietness; its economy and all around simplicity immediately established a new standard of motor car efficiency.

Of the sleeve-valve motor we need say but little. In the hands of tens of thousands of owners it has stood up and delivered far in excess of any of our descriptions or claims.

Probably the most distinguished feature of the new Willys-Knight is the striking body design.

The body is much longer—and lower. It has that fashionable double cowl feature. The new harmonious and graceful lines now make the Willys-Knight one of the most attractive motor cars of the year.

The wheelbase has been lenthened to 121 inches.

It now seats seven passengers.

The rear springs are now cantilever—the easiest riding springs in the world.

The quiet spiral bevel drive gears are continued.

Finished in rich French Blue with battleship gray wheels, and highly polished aluminum fittings, this newest Willys-Knight is now one of the country's smartest motor cars.

Demonstrations now.

Catalogue on request.
Please address Dept. 816.

Willys-Overland, Limited

Head Office and Works,
West Toronto, Ont.